

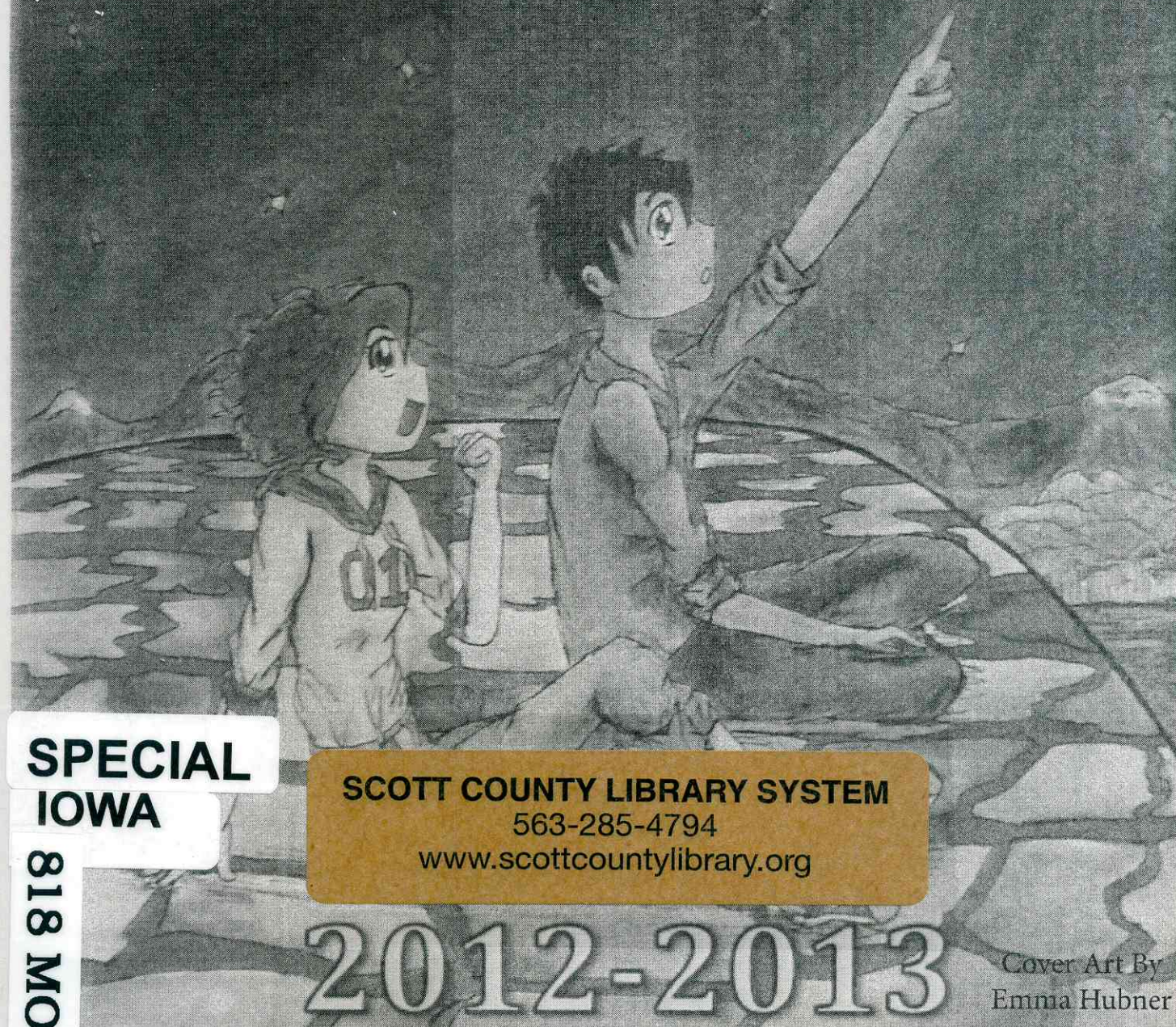
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# THE MORNINGSTAR

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# THE MORNING STAR

**NORTH SCOTT SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL FINE ARTS ANTHOLOGY  
2012-2013**

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# I Will Be Waiting

Why did you leave me  
Don't you care for me  
Didn't you love me  
But where are you now  
Off with some girl  
Somewhere else  
Without me  
Am I just a toy to you boys  
You play with me  
And then  
When a new one comes  
You just drop me  
Wherever you please  
But now I see  
I gave you my heart  
And what did you do  
Tear it up  
And give it back to me  
Is that what I get from you  
I give you everything  
And you give me nothing  
But a broken heart  
Is there anyone there  
To love  
And be loved by  
To be cherished  
No matter  
Not even when a girl walks by  
Until then  
I will be waiting for you  
The one  
And the only one  
That will love me as I love him  
And he will never desert me  
No matter what  
I will be waiting

Written  
By  
Katherine Parker-Birtell

My muse is missing,  
I think she's run away,  
and I'm worried.  
She's always been right behind me,  
whispering genius--well, maybe--  
in my ear, and guiding words  
from my brain to the page.

Once, I named her Lucinda;  
an evil, jealous psychopath.  
That day she and I were out ruling the world.  
I know she liked that idea;  
Who wouldn't want to rule the world?

Then once, her name was Eleanor.  
She was a princess that day,  
covered in jewels, with her every wish  
and command obeyed,  
but that day, my muse was sad,  
I guess a pampered princess was  
not what she wanted to be.

So, the next day I called her Athena.  
Together we conquered the world  
and chanted scientia potentia est;  
Knowledge is power--  
She was revered by the Greeks that day;  
A goddess and yet, she's run away!

Next we decided to time travel,  
but she continued her life as a goddess--  
A goddess of the silver screen.  
That day she was Katharine,  
and Marilyn,  
and Garbo rolled into one.  
I know it might have been confusing,

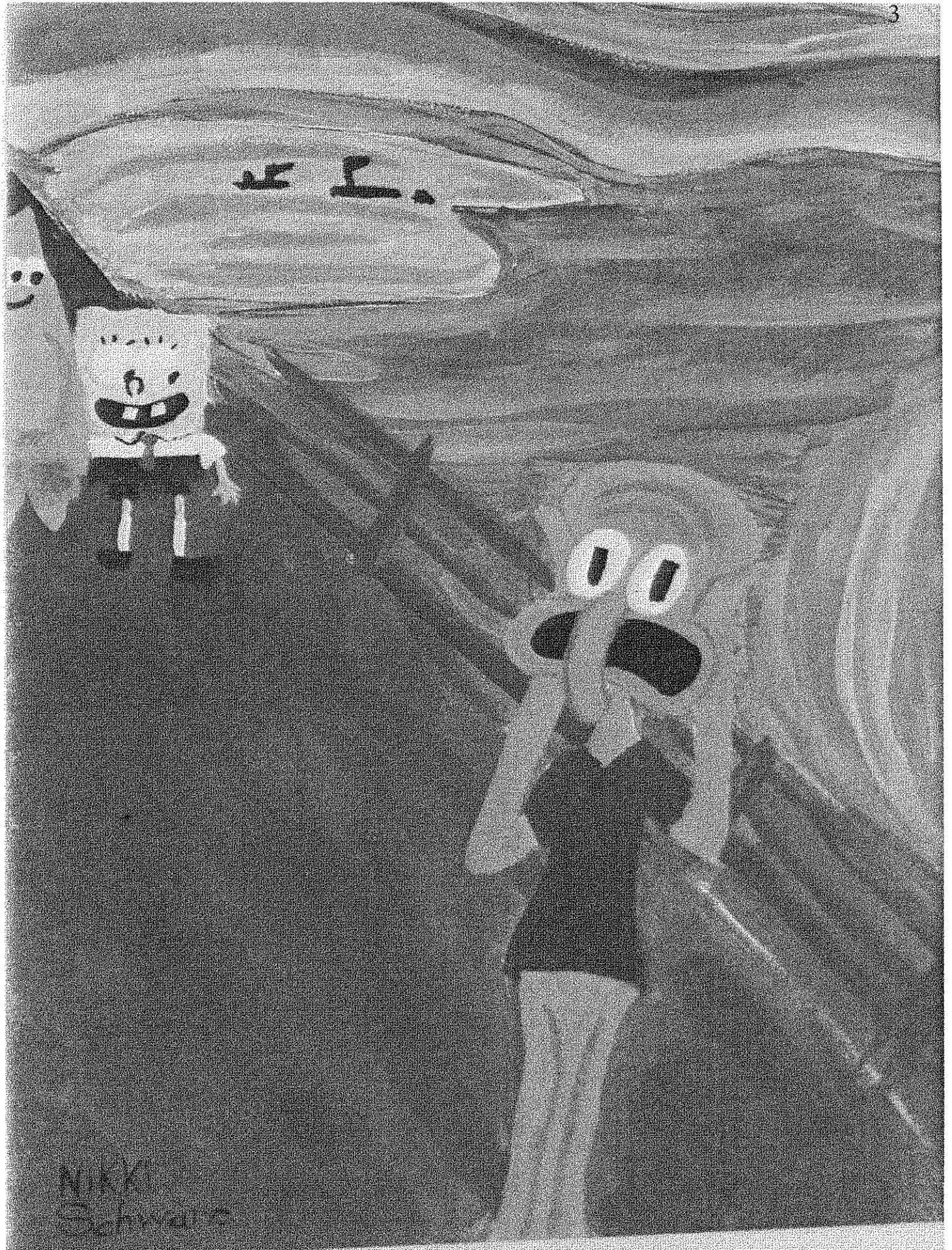
she might have developed  
multiple personality disorder,  
but that's no reason to run away!  
Sensing her discomfort and confusion,  
the next day I decided to call her Moon.  
My lovely, calm, luminescent Moon,  
I sang to her.  
She slept easy and peacefully that night  
and I thought we had found content.

But the next morning again she was restless,  
I was quickly finding that my muse  
could not be satisfied.  
As the brazen, fiery Sunrise  
she was known as the beautiful  
woman in the world.  
That was the last time I ever saw her.  
The last thing I ever called her--  
was Sunrise.

And now I don't know where she is,  
I called out to her:  
Lucinda, my dearest villain,  
Your Highness!  
O' wise Athena,  
Goddess of the screen!  
My calm Moon,  
My fiery Sunrise!  
And yet she answers to none of these names.  
Oh, what should I call her,  
to make her come home?

Fairies Shhh! They are to real!  
- Anna Denger







the note that isn't.

4

silky sleeves are smooth against my arm  
it's smaller than i remember, but you were big, and i, small.  
i notice pockets--three years present, many past, and i never noticed  
pockets that i now slip my fingers in, telling myself  
when i don't find anything  
that i wasn't really expecting it.  
only in movies and sappy novels would the girl  
feel crinkling paper against her fingers.  
paper that had beaten moths and yellowing and the washing machine.  
crisp paper, opened slowly and reading  
To My Darling Daughter  
or something else that has the audience pulling out tissues and their own sleeves and their  
husband's sleeves and the men all wanting to go home.  
only then.  
and i wish i was in that movie. because if i were, if we were, i could rewind the movie.  
and never let it get the the point where you're not here.  
play, rewind, an endless cycle  
that stops before you do.

brittany bunch

### Sunflowers

By Stephanie Konrady

Amid the drooping petals we once stood,  
And with the enduring tree shading us  
We imagined that we could  
Capture their blossoms; secure in dust.

Our dream to uphold its splendor,  
Forever champion our haven of life  
And constantly cherish it, until we render  
Passe, the metropolis of strife.

We will not allow our home to vanish  
Among the spellbinding grasp of tinsel towers,  
We know that to allow its sketched glory to perish,  
Would end the fragrance of flowers.

And like the red-coated wardens of the queen,  
So shall we remain steadfast in our dream,  
Together among the foliage and green,  
Our dream to thrive--with nature's beauty and gleam.

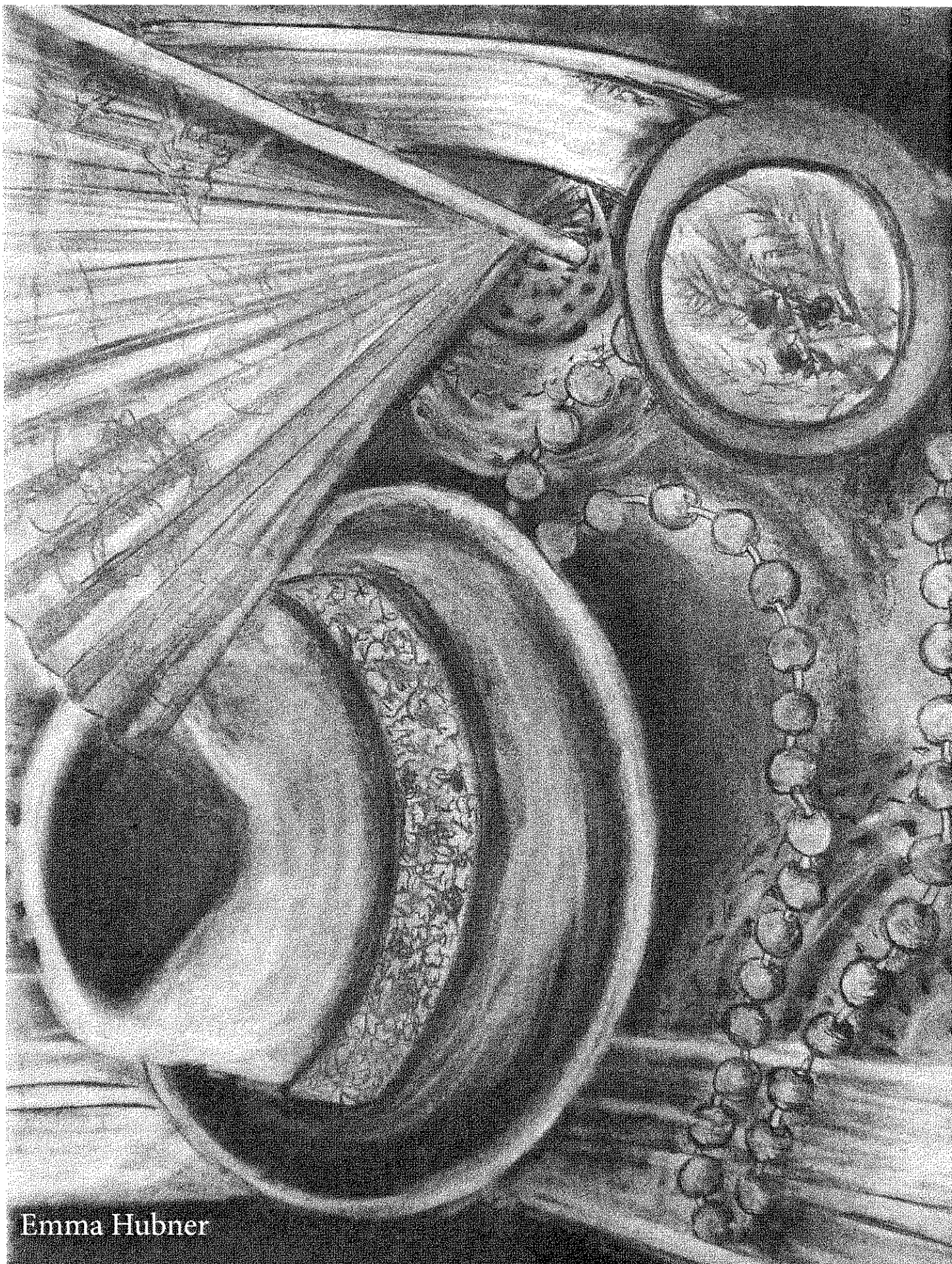
### Her Forgotten Toy

By Maria Leik

I am the reason for her smiles and her laughs.  
Her pigtailed sway as we travel together every single day.  
Together we are explorers,  
Searching for buried treasures in faraway lands,  
Adventuring through outer space.

Now it is dark. I am surrounded by dust  
That has been here longer than I have.  
I only see her when she seems to lose something,  
But that something is never me.  
She has others to confide in now,  
Others like me soon begin to join  
And together we are forgotten and unloved toys.





Emma Hubner



The Emptiness  
By Gretchen Wilkerson

There I lay in the darkness  
Alone with no one to love  
I am nothing but a memory to you,  
I wait for a light to shine through  
To you I am nothing  
But you are everything to me.

I despise the day that you left  
You threw me away  
With no love or care,  
And here I lay.  
Wondering what I did wrong  
And now I despise you.

My Prison  
By Carlie Mullins

I watch as the plagued come for treatment and I weep for the families they leave,  
I caught the fallen tears that leak from the eyes of wives, husbands, friends, and children.  
Surrounded by plain white walls, determined white coats, and fake sincerity,  
I watch as brave soldiers fight an often lost battle  
At first she was a welcome visitor, with an anticipated short sentence.  
I could feel the tingle of optimism as she gracefully settled,  
The warmth of her body engulfed me.

Her presence becomes nearly permanent; years have passed  
I worry not when she leaves, for I know her return will be swift  
Awaiting her inevitable return, I cringe when others vainly attempt to use my service.  
I have neglected to notice the shackles that bind her to me.  
Her body has lost its warmth and energy; it aches with pain beyond her years  
The walls have morphed into bars of steel, a cage.  
No longer am I her comfort but her prison.



## 7 Questions

-Dajaé Hanson

Have you ever wanted a way out,  
But couldn't really fight?

Have you ever wanted to say something,  
But scared it wouldn't come out right?

Have you ever had so many feelings,  
you didn't know which one to choose?

Have you ever thought that suicide,  
was the only way to lose?

Have you ever had your mind,  
forcing you to choose?

Were you ever just out of it,  
not knowing where to go?

Have you ever wanted that someone,  
to always just say "NO"?

Well maybe it's your time,  
to choose for yourself!

Well maybe it's your time,  
to shine like someone else!




## Red Light -Dajaé Hanson

She was most loved with a million friends,  
Basketball star with so many wins.  
She had the cutest smile that you would ever see,  
She was the nicest person you would ever meet.  
He had full scholarship from a college in another state.  
He loved basketball so much he couldn't wait  
A week after graduation her boyfriend and some friends had a celebration,  
She was so excited it was the last party of the year.  
She kissed her mom goodbye as she told her not to drink any beer.  
She smiled and said "relax mom I'll be home around midnight"  
She told her she loved her and to have a good time.  
As she cruised down the street she thought about how much she would  
miss her friends and she thought about her boyfriend and how good things  
had been.  
She slowed to a stop as the light turned red,  
but the car behind her didn't seem to see the stop ahead.  
She flew from the windshield on the ground,  
She could see but she couldn't look around.  
She tried to call for help but her words wouldn't speak.  
Her heart got slower and her body grew weak.  
Family and friends flashed in her mind,  
and she thought about her boyfriend one last time.  
The medics worked on her to give her life.  
She was fading fast, so close to "death"..  
Her neck was broken, her bones were cracked.  
So hard to be identified because her face was smashed.  
Time passed by and she opened her eyes to see a woman.  
There wasn't a scratch on her but she could barely stand.  
"I didn't mean for this to happen" she said with slurred words.  
The officer asked "Have you been drinking?"  
The man looked at the girl and nodded his head  
And the girl closed her eyes remembering what her mom said,  
A tear ran down her face as the light turned red,  
and around midnight she was pronounced dead.

## No One Expected This To Happen - Megan Watts



Morgan Carter



Four Hooves,  
Two Hearts.

Free Together

Horizon Dweller  
By Sam Morrison

On a bright style of lazy days  
Crazy, crazy was the none-existent crowd  
Dust knocked up all around the green waves  
Mr. Townsday let his own image drift  
to the maiden he once pondered.  
Walking along that old, murky stream  
Where two uncertainties wondered

Chug, chug, pop, crack!  
The old Allis Chalmers lurches up the lane  
Sweat clenches the farmer's brow  
like rust, dwelling upon the windmill  
A straw hat draws a shadow on his overalls.  
Turns to the field and gently nods...

Inside the homestead no wife leans over  
the stove, counter, nor cluttered sink  
vanity disappeared as the crop at harvest.  
Perfume runs dry in empty halls.  
Ice cracks in front porch tea

Still no sign of a visitor  
Nods and waves occasionally  
A radio plays in solitude  
Tonight's weather: warm, clear skies

No time to go in yet  
The table will be bare  
Watch the blaze turn to blood red

Is the gorgeous shadow  
striding up to comfort?

The Chair creaks on



# Passages

Somewhere there's someone who  
dreams of your smile,  
And finds in your presence that  
life is worthwhile,

So when you are lonely remember  
this is true,  
Someone, somewhere, is looking for you.

Bruised and hurt just like my  
heart;  
Which I watched you rip apart.

My life had opened up for  
you;  
yet you hadn't quite a clue,

The pain in which you said was  
pure;  
is one no one must endure.

Your blackened heart which I see  
blue;  
with its icy tint, yes, it's true.

I can't ever forget someone  
like you

Written  
by  
Chris Yoke

Love the People You hate  
Abby Gainer

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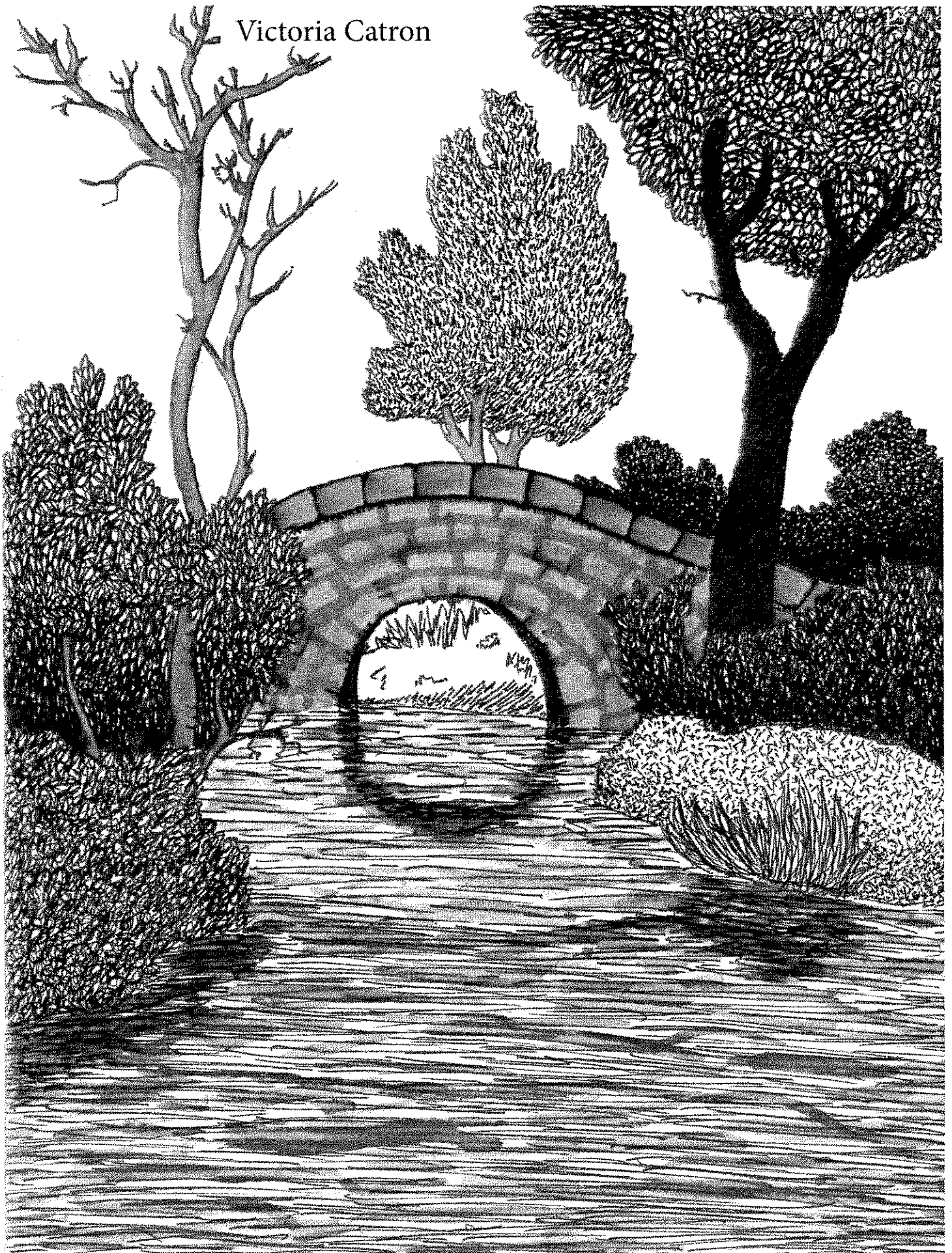
When you see the people you despise the most, smile; and if they don't smile back, don't be upset; when they get upset with you, remember to show kindness; if you show kindness, and they completely ignore your efforts, don't let it bring you down; when they are mean, be extra nice; when they make fun of you, walk away; when they are sad, cheer them up; *what if they won't accept compassion?*; on the occasion that they don't accept your kindness, don't become disheartened; while they are spreading rumors about you, say a few nice things about them; if you find yourself wanting to smack them, maintain self control instead; when they are stepping on your last nerve, find a way to be patient; even if they are doing the one thing that annoys you the most, keep your mouth shut; *why is it important to be friendly to someone who is unfriendly to me?*; When the person you hate has become intolerable, remember all the people who love you in spite of your flaws; keep in mind how many times *you've* done wrong to people who are always kind to you; remember all the people who listened to your every problem and didn't judge you; think about the people you have wronged who did not seek revenge on you; each of these people are a reason why you need to love the people you hate.

Untitled Work  
By Adam Hintz

The voices we follow now,  
This eternal bliss.  
Lift your heart to offer to the heavens,  
The memories, from the prime of our life.  
The echo of her last steps floated closer still  
I'll be here, I'll make sure.  
I'm horrified to die, you should know.  
I'm gazing into your eyes to find traces of you,  
So suddenly; how can you be dead?  
Everything has just become woefully wrong!  
Darkness falls, worlds collapse, on earth.  
I kneel by your side, dying,  
Seal my fate, bury me inside.  
Yet we loved, love that was greater than us,  
And if our souls can float free, we'll persevere forever!



Victoria Catron



Ivory Keys by Amanda Amhof

In the beginning it's short and sweet.  
The notes gentle and innocent.  
I stay and listen as she tries her best,  
To absorb what the pages sing.  
Her melodies captivate me, and I can sense her heart.  
I listen to the lovely sounds of her soul -  
She listens to the songs that drift through the wind,  
Straining, to understand  
The out of tune and harsh echoes that bounce from wall to wall

Suddenly, her tunes transform  
Short and sweet phrases grow into complex and bitter passages.  
The once gentle and innocent notes become instantly jagged and  
pierce my heart.  
She says so much I can barely keep up, her words strong yet incomplete  
I hear thunder and feel the rain  
Only I, can dance in the rain that consumes her soul;  
The salty rain that washes away what's left of her innocence.  
Only I, can bring life to the words that lie behind her lips,  
the words that hide inside  
The words only my ivory keys can help bring to the light

A Wound by Emily Ramsey

A wound, I came to be by accident.  
A wound, I'm inflicted through intent.  
A wound, I lay on the physical skin.  
A wound, I boil in your emotional heart.

A wound, I happen by mistake and cause pure pain.  
A wound, I'm a release of depression and strife.  
A wound, I force porcelain skin to now be imperfect and bleeding.  
A wound, I pursue an emotional infection that only you can see.



Slow down, the world isn't watching us break down  
 It's safe to say we are alone now  
 Not a whisper, the only noise is the receiver  
 I'm counting the time until you break the silence  
 So please just break the silence

The whispers turn to shouting  
 The shouting turns to tears  
 Your tears turn into laughter  
 And it takes away our fears

So you see, this world doesn't matter to me  
 I'll give up all I had just to breathe  
 The same air as you till the day that I die  
 I can't take my eyes off of you

And I'm longing, for words to describe how I'm feeling  
 I'm feeling inspired  
 My world just flip turned upside down  
 It turns around, say what's that sound  
 It's my heart beat, it's getting much louder  
 my heart beat, is stronger, is stronger than ever  
 I'm feeling so alive

My whispers turn to shouting  
 The shouting turns to tears  
 Your tears turn into laughter  
 And it takes away our fears

My Heartbeat

By Chris Yoke

A Poem By Chris Yoke

A heart that is bitter and black,  
 Yet compassion it never will lack.

A heart made of stone, but always will be sweet.  
 It's hard gruff complexion, it's incomplete.

A decayed forest in a landscape of green.  
 Not another in sight, not another to be seen.

But once you get past its ugly exterior,  
 You'll learn that your own is far from inferior.

Inside this forest is a pasture of gold!  
 You'll never think that this is what it beholds.

You turn to go back, but find the trees gone.  
 Its acres of flowers are all that belongs.

You find yourself trapped; like a cage to a dove.  
 But never in your life have you been madly in love.

Haikus-Chris Yoke

The tree; where we met

Now decayed and gone with you

A torn down root left.

El Papel  
By Tom Allen

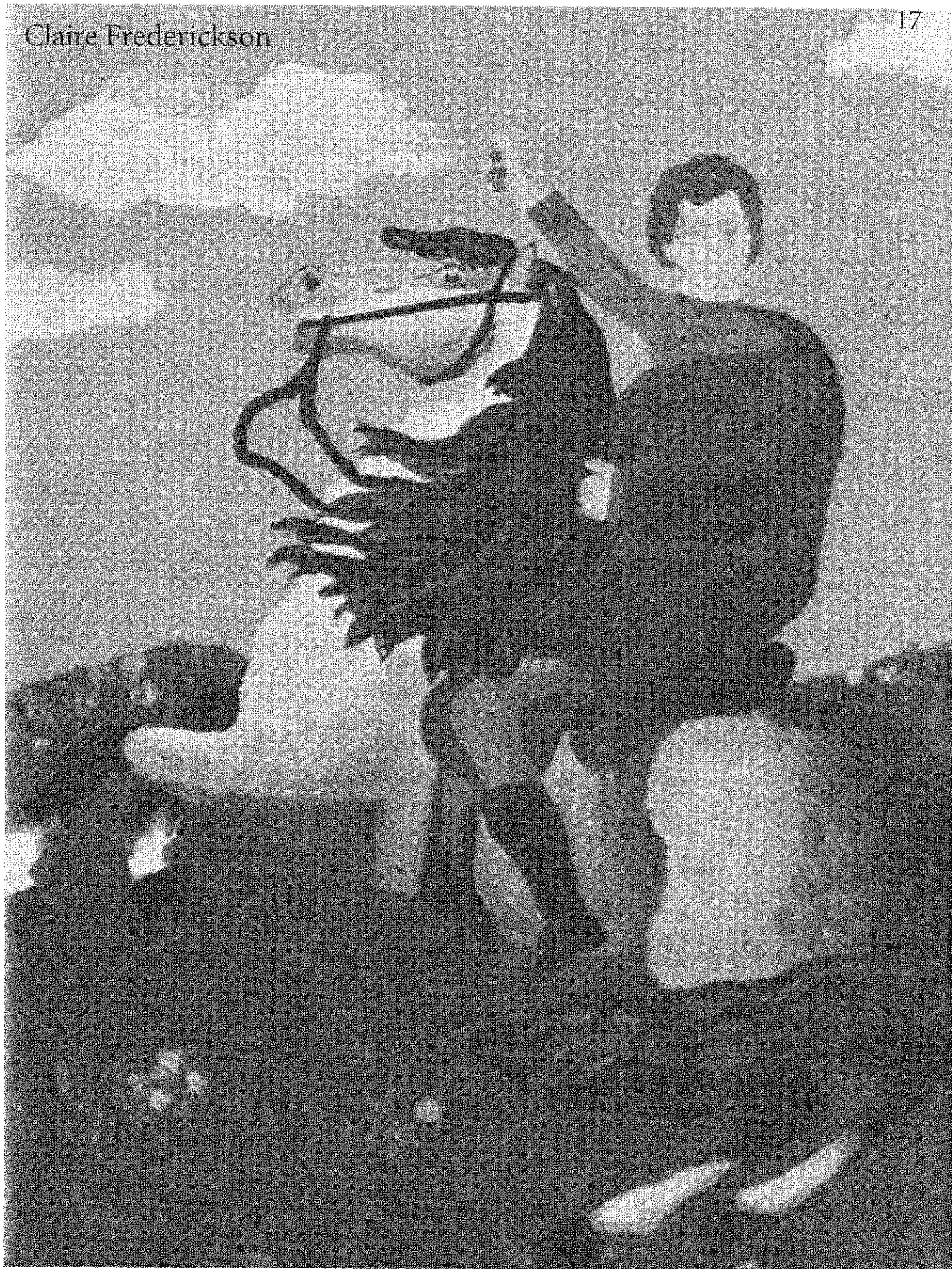
Day and night, nothing changes. Having to experience  
The same challenges, the same problems, the same  
Loneliness everyday can really drag me down. Overnight  
I am restless; my family and I don't move. It's impossible to  
Tell us apart. All of us have equal blue and red lines have  
Equal size and weight. Every day is dark and full of sorrow.  
Miracles seem to never exist.

The air is dusk, when the fresh breeze of cologne rises and  
Before I know it, my family and I are taken. We travel gracefully.  
Like usual, we always come to a stop and it is still dark. But suddenly the  
World changes for me. I've seen the light for the first time in my life and I  
Feel different. I feel happy. I have my whole life ahead of me. But then I get stabbed  
Like a dagger in Juliet. A sharp pain rushing through my lines, and within a split second, I was  
Torn away from my family and with new friends in the basket of knowledge.

The Penguins  
By Maggie Kirby

There is a family waiting for the morning light  
They are the penguins.  
The wind screams around them.  
They stand. They wait. The wind screams.  
They wait as one in a huddled circle  
In the middle of nowhere  
Surrounded by nothingness,  
And snow.  
Oh, all the snow that piles around them,  
Thickening and bearing no forgiveness.  
It is relentless, frozen rain  
Crusted on their sides.  
The parents take turns in the middle of their huddled circle.  
Rotating in and out to share the warmth.  
While inside, they dream of moving South,  
And the taste of their last meal,  
Fish. Fantastic, flavorful, familiar fish, in their forgotten stomachs.  
All the while, they protect the eggs beneath them,  
So they will never know the harsh environment.  
  
The sun is setting now, time is almost up.  
Predators accompany the darkness.  
Yes, that is the family,  
Waiting for the morning light.







Austin Hall

## **Dream? Or Not?**

Having loved from my first sight, the dream of flight empowers my thoughts and compels my actions. Fighting and working everyday towards what, in my mind, is life.

All odds as well as nature are against me. Being told at every chance that it is too far-fetched, my drive for success has only grown higher. "Not good enough" rings in my head and stirs waves of emotion. Anger and resentment push me to prove them wrong.

Premature birth set me back, of course, but years of pure dedication since has pushed me back into the fight. Putting my life on the line, facing danger, experiencing G-forces and wearing G-suits are all things I am fighting for. Being one with the grey swept wings, the fluctuating nozzles of the powerful engines, the slender ailerons, the lonely cockpit and the sheer air power is my future.

Supported by a great nation so far, it is my duty to repay it. To protect, secure, and maintain freedom for the motherland is my dream. Work, determination and the discipline to never give up will capture that dream and put me in the pilot's seat, and the fight for freedom.



The Soldier That Time Forgot  
By Laura Maylum

A ragged frame, old and exhausted, sagging itself in a corner  
Shared nothing with the hollow shell of that prison.  
Stuck, was I, with the dust mites, my most loyal  
Of companions that covered me with their secure arms.  
Making friends with the eight-legged fear inspirers,  
Who elicited shrill cries from the one who had forgotten me.

I was like Velveteen Rabbit, cast to the flat under a dark-blanketed cell  
Wheezing the ash from my memory while trying to grasp the past that  
Erupts from the being I so desired, being swung round-  
And-round, gripped tightly by the stubs.  
Oh Ho valiantly I would battle

Those abnormalities! Locked in the thick of darkness,  
Never giving way, never giving in to carnivorous canines  
That threatened the flesh that warmed against me.  
As sides yellowed around me,  
As ice crept into my makeup,  
I faded.

Slipping between the cracks I finally fell.  
The flesh that warmed me consigned to this oblivion.  
The flesh that warmed me was lost, like ducklings with no mother.  
The cobwebs of days past draped over me, comfort in their embrace.  
My ragged frame, old and exhausted, sagged itself in a corner,  
Submitting myself to unconsciousness.

The All Seeing Light  
By Brandon Engler

I stand tall and slender. I bring light to the diamond below.  
I gawk at the everlasting fields of rich Iowa soil in the fall  
To the never ending vastness of the corn and bean stalks of summer.  
There is an aroma coming from the west wind that stench of manure  
Over this dinky town. I gaze at all cars and lifted trucks  
Coming and going from town, at the park where I stand.

Every Tuesday and Thursday mobs of parents and players herd here.  
The ball park is a watering hole surrounded by wildebeast. These wildebeast were hollering, "let's go red!" While  
hearing that,  
The stench of the newly snipped grass filled the air along with the  
Fragrance of freshly popped popcorn and delivered Brad's pizza.  
As soon as the sun sneaks behind the horizon, it is then my time to shine  
Along with all the boys and girls on this gorgeous Iowa night.

A Step Outside  
By Kelly Kupris

A step outside  
and the bitter air  
bites at my skin.  
But i do not run.

No.

Instead I walk  
with my head held high  
leaving everything behind.

I look and see that  
The white touches everything  
and it makes the trees sparkle.

There is so much beauty  
in what people see as "death."

Why would someone want to  
run away from this?

We all know that the next  
stage brings even more warmth  
and beauty  
than there is now.

A step outside  
and the bitter air  
bites at my skin  
saying "Good morning and Good night."  
And with that good night  
I will still walk with my head high.

Light vs Dark  
By Rachel Hosch

I am mounted on this wall,  
I may be in a room or a hall.  
Things I see around me,  
can sometimes be crazy.  
I assist in the darkest hour,  
without using a lot of power.  
I am here day and night  
just waiting to turn on the light.

I am the all seeing eye,  
even if people just pass me by.  
I go up and I go down,  
but I always stick around.  
I am used to the slightest touch,  
I really don't need much.  
Even in the darkest night  
let there be light.





Cecelia Behnke

## Tree

**M**y rings are thick and mighty but this was not always the case.

Not long ago, I was flimsy and pathetic.

I can be easy to purge but hard to recall.

I hold a story deep in my core, close to my heart

explaining the journey of my life thus far.

**M**y story is held close to spirit and is irreplaceable in nature.

It cannot be stolen, tainted or erased.

This story is permanent until the day I am empty of life.

This story exposes my age and my past struggles.

This story is told without a mouth to utter.

- Eric Krogman



Seasons Cycle  
Rachel Brimeyer

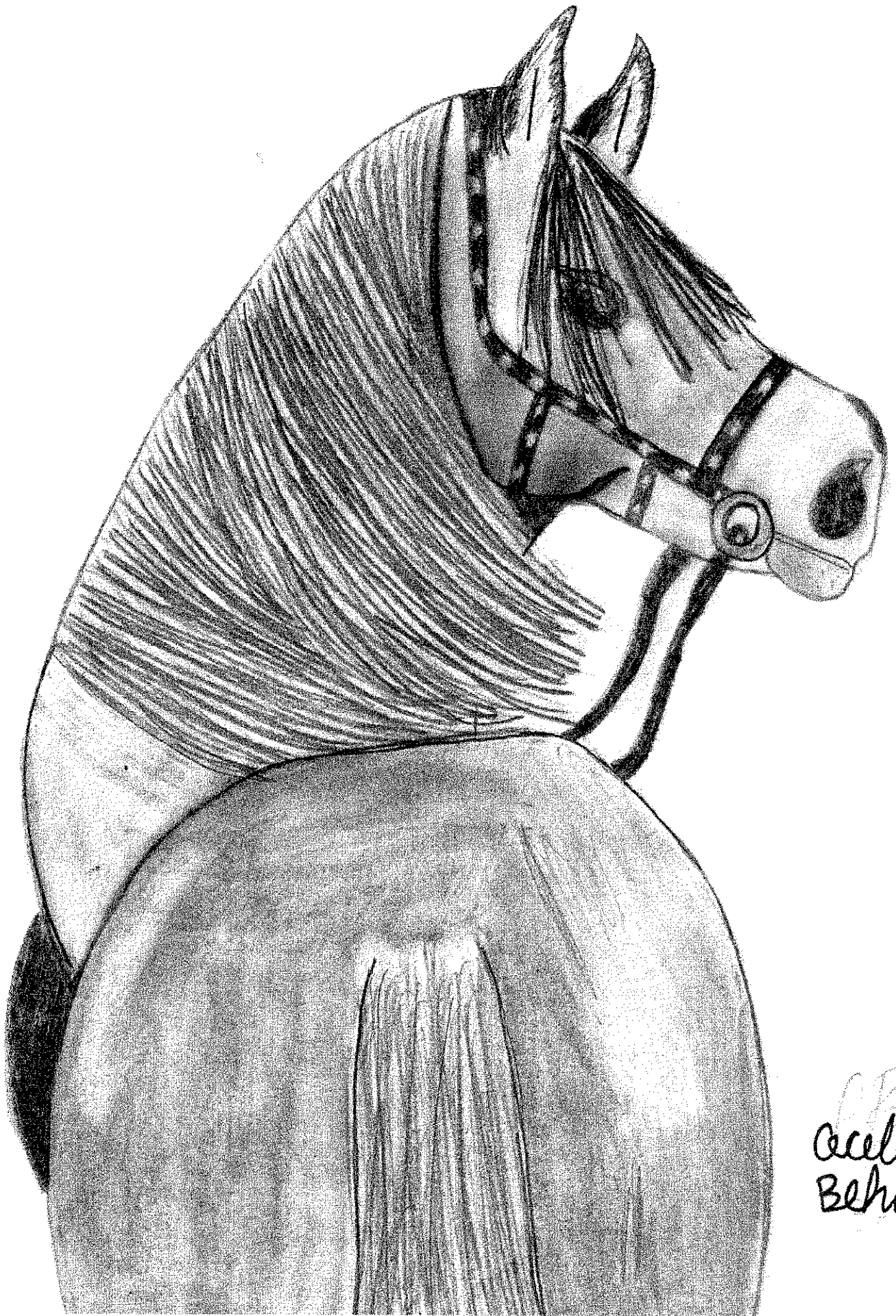
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Joyous children run  
Searching for bright Easter eggs  
As the rain pours down  
Flowers blooming, green throughout  
My cutting edge perfect lawn

Footprints in the sand  
Salty ocean waves crashing  
Upon my bronzed skin  
Blazing sunset across a  
Never ending horizon

Pumpkins, masks, candy,  
Halloween day has arrived  
Drying and falling,  
Red, orange, yellow, and brown  
I rake the crunchy carpet

Frost in the morning  
Upon my frozen windshield  
Christmas time is here  
Laughter, presents, jingle bells  
Joyous music fills the air





# What Happened?

By Chris Yoke

Put on your red clothes and mix in with the lot,  
 You'll wake up and wonder what happened to me?  
 You've forgotten what it feels like to be truly carefree  
 A danger in red, you better get shout.  
 You'll be stared at by kids who follow others' dreams  
 You'll scream and you'll shout, and burst at your seams.  
 They spit venomous words and not at your face.  
 Behind your back is where all the lies are fast pace.  
 So turn around children and scream at the world,  
 Don't give up on your dreams or they'll never be heard  
 Smack them or yell, make them fear for their lives  
 You'll laugh like a madman, but don't threaten with knives.  
 Then you go home to a place, a place you never can care.  
 You'll sit all along wondering what happened to me,  
 I've forgotten what it is to be truly carefree.

## The Tides of Dishonesty

By Maggie Kirby

I am drowning in a maelstrom of lies  
 and I can't count how many waves there are.  
 I speak syllables that contain no truth,  
 like why I was late, or what I was doing.  
 Foreign and amazing stories, my lies had created.

I couldn't stop my lies from  
 becoming intense waves, multiplying with every false truth.  
 Sometimes, I felt like I should escape again, so I asked myself,  
 "How many waves can wash away the guilt I feel?"

My lies have drowned my life, but  
 nobody can tell I am drowning.  
 Before, I was dull, but I pushed  
 myself to make a choice.  
 All it took was that one push and  
 the lies began to swell and foam and spit out tall tales.

I lost the shine of honesty in the tides of dishonesty,  
 and so I wait in my storm of lies for  
 the Sun of Truth to shine on me.

# Too many stories, Not enough paper

~ Jenna Coe

Warrior's Horns  
Christine Hultquist

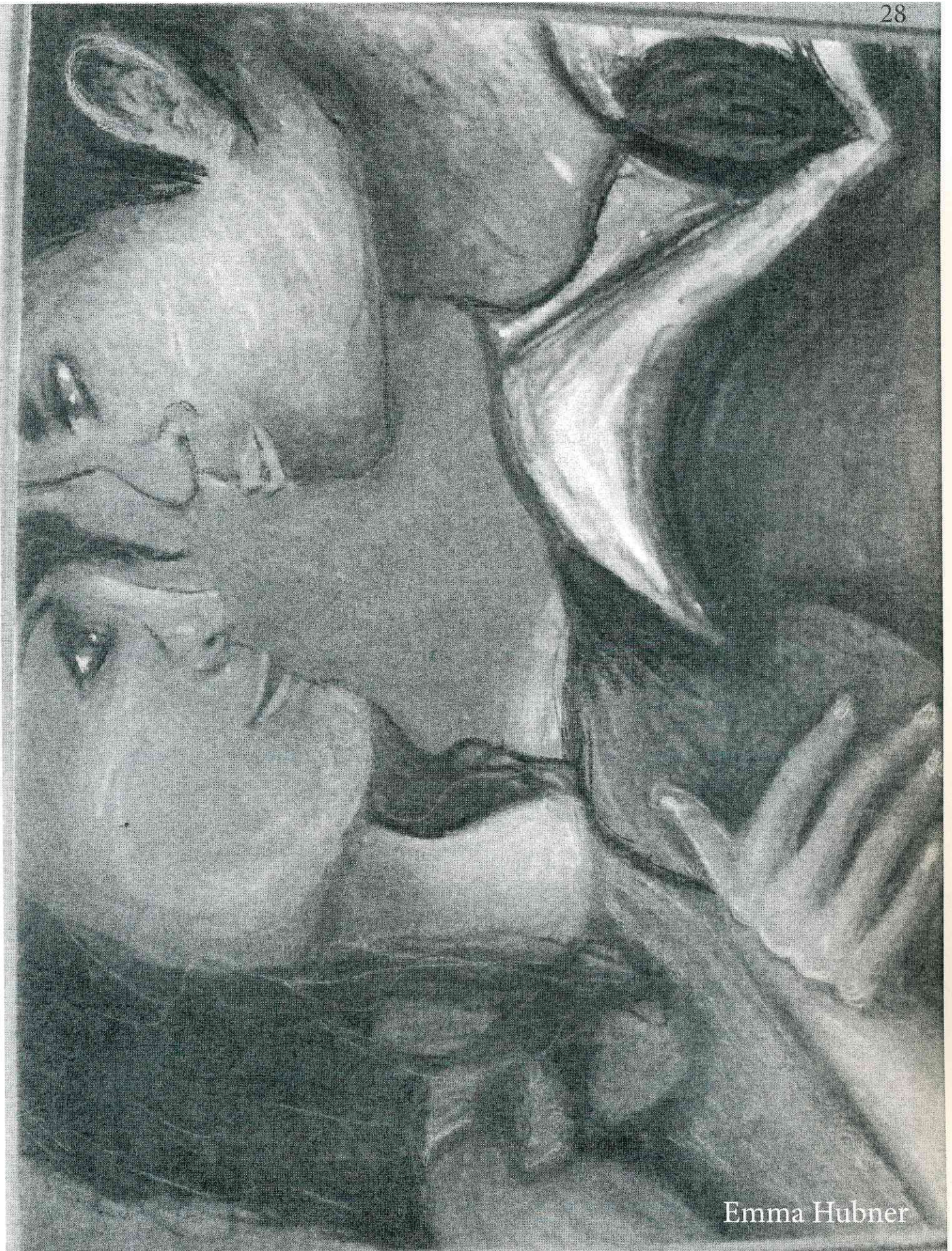
As I lie here on the cold hard battlefield,  
The warrior that once stood mighty  
Is now fallen.  
I sat upon his gallant mind  
While he conquered the lands.  
I have been the gargantuan warrior's dream.  
To show their almighty selves to the  
Shaking people.

I bring pride and honor.  
I show who these warriors are, to whom  
The people will fall,  
And whose kingdom will rise.  
I conquer with and see it all.  
And yet I am just a helmet,  
One that will be known  
For its mighty horns that swept across the land,  
Forever.

Balancing Act  
By Taylor Gee

I battle between good and bad  
good- I strive for  
bad- I succeed  
there's no such thing as an equal  
or medium  
we teeter and fall into a mass of great and horrible  
that commend our consummation  
where rebounding to the other end is the only way to go  
and you've returned to the battle  
here I try, there's no good without the bad  
no bad, there's no good  
I fester in the bad, and reach out for the good  
but it's all a balancing act  
to the point of where the bad outweighs the good  
you've reached acceptance and lost hope  
but that glim light of good, pure, holy  
frees you from your demons, who crave your consumption,  
this light, this light, brings you back to the battle  
this conflict reaches above and beyond you and everyone else  
everyone knows this same balancing act, this same teeter we perform daily,  
a ritual,  
bad solicits us every second of every day of every year,  
with every event and action in our lifetimes there's good and bad  
that hope and pray on us, but with small action the bad is  
easily acquired, easier to obtain, the good insurmountable,  
after the bad is acquired  
but this custom we've learned to adapt to,  
should be unnecessary, but stands prominent,  
a balancing act





Emma Hubner



I AM  
By Lizzie Remy

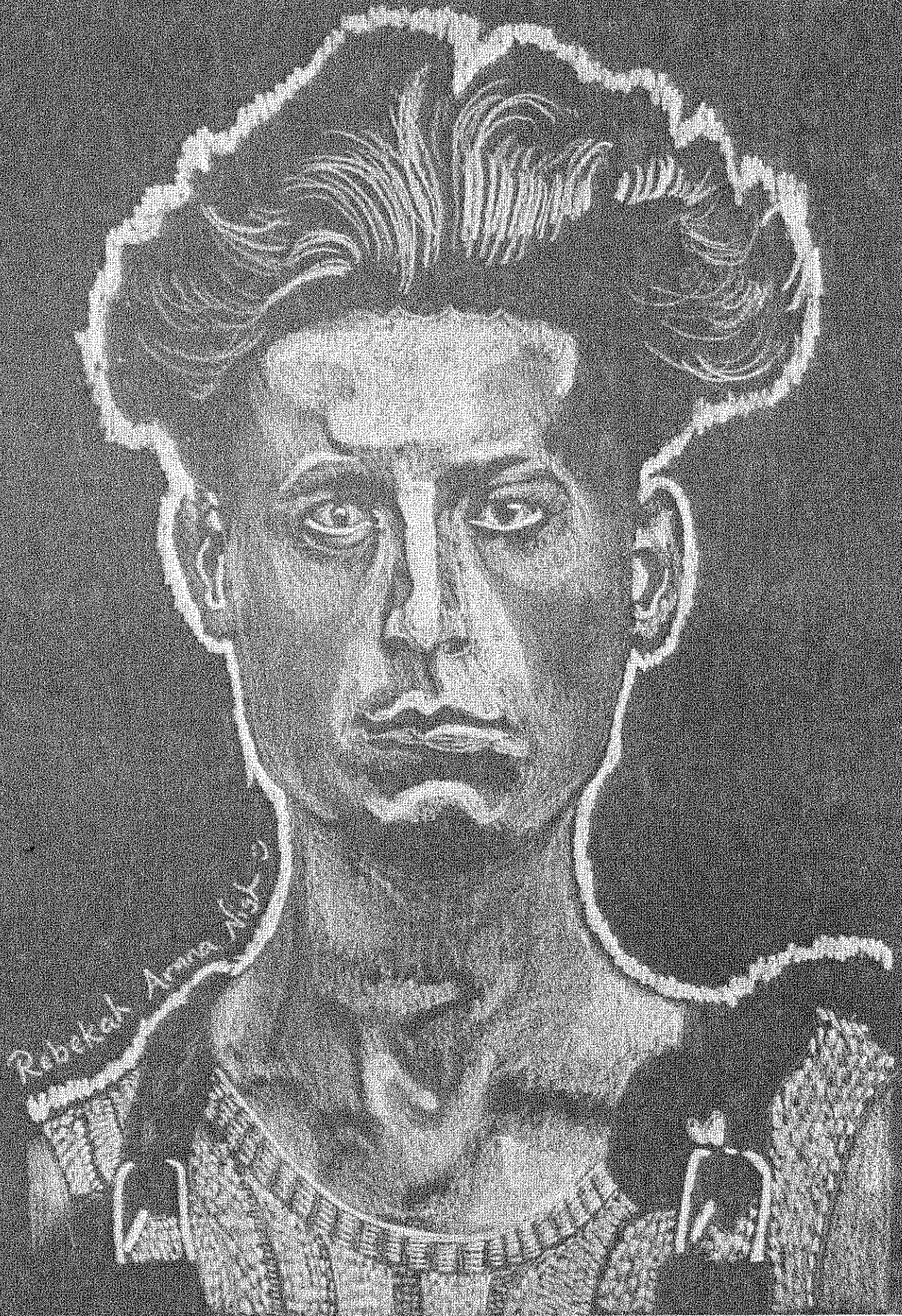
I am compassionate and easily bewildered  
I wonder why life has to be so challenging at times  
I hear the joy of music in my heart and soul while I hear the voice of doubt  
knocking at the door of my mind  
I see those all around me seemingly perfect even while knowing perfection doesn't exist  
I want to find myself  
I am compassionate and easily bewildered

I pretend to have it all together  
I feel your sorrow and your joy  
I touch my cheek wet with the memories of past times  
I worry that I'm not good enough  
I cry out to be heard and seen for myself  
I am compassionate and easily bewildered

I understand your worries, for I have faced them, too  
I say let's get on with it and believe in ourselves  
I dream of clarity and balance  
I try to put myself in the shoes of another  
I hope you can see me as I see you  
I am compassionate and easily bewildered

Hailey Willerth

Time Together. Lots  
of  
Laughs. Family.





**Secrets.**

A gnawing, growing, aching contagion.  
A virus; infecting all who hear and know.

**Lies.**

False hopes and broken dreams,  
Broken glass; a fragment of who we are.

**Apathy.**

A chilly plague in a paradise of green.  
Desecrated life; a wasteland of vile.

**Vengeance.**

Losing your mind in a sea of loss.  
The love of your life; dead and gone.

**Enigma.**

Questioning a world of evil.  
Forgetting all that was once good; innocence lost.

No violence, many words, Life Changing.  
- Shelly Matthys

# I have a *Boba Fett*

ish

~Sarah Miller

A Nightmare House  
By Gretchen Wilkerson

She cries out in the night  
Knowing she has done something wrong  
The monster under her bed is coming out  
And she cannot even scream  
The children are there next to her  
Asking for help  
Help?  
She needs it too  
The monster eats her from the inside  
Leaving her a hollow body  
Where can she run?  
Where can she hide?  
Wanting to be free is a price to pay  
She is suffering  
She is hurting  
Doing everything she can to show her strength  
Does the monster know what he is doing?  
Has he ever thought about the evil he bestows?  
Forgiveness is not in this home  
There is nothing but attacks and lies  
As a child she has never dreamed of such a nightmare  
It is one that cannot be escaped from  
Standing tall and showing no tears  
She will come up from the ground  
And prove what she will do

She Never Saw Her Beauty

By Maria Leik

32

Age 10- That's when it started  
Being ridiculed, taunted, bombarded  
by menacing thoughts  
Screaming Voices  
Not just in her head but surrounding her outer self as well.

An outcast-  
A carnie-  
That's how she felt.  
Like a bearded lady. Everyone flocks the scene to discover the misfortunate individual  
they chose to humiliate.

Misunderstood, she searched for a tunnel to find a way out.  
An earthquake of therapy  
Only ending with the trigger of an antidepressant tsunami  
flooded her world.  
each pill taking place of a piece of herself.

She was a puzzle,  
but one piece after another  
began to disappear,  
being replaced by an  
empty black hole.

She appeared as a zombie.  
Physically her body was there,  
but the rest--gone.  
As the trials of drugs multiplied,  
the effects became excruciating.

This was not the solution.  
The depression was not the problem.  
Drugs can not force away the people  
who caused the spiral into the  
depths of depression.

Ugly. Fat. Stupid. **Loser. Freak!**  
Those words represent how others defined her  
and how she began to  
define herself.

Everything became a lie,  
even her mirror began to lie to her.  
She never saw her beauty  
and now...  
She never will.

## I Am

I am passionately loved and monumentally important.

I wonder how this can be true, but it is.

I hear His quiet voice inside me whisper, "You're not alone, I've got this covered."

I see a lot of people who can't hear Him and

I want them, ache for them, to know the truth.

I am passionately loved and monumentally important.

I pretend that it's okay to leave sometimes and

I feel myself fading away like the people who can't hear Him.

I touch what I left for and feel nothing. Empty.

I worry that He won't take me back this time; why would He?

I cry when I realize how dumb I've been. A sheep who got lost, again, only to be  
rescued by

her Faithful Shepherd.

I am passionately loved and monumentally important.

I understand how this might not make sense to them, the people who can't hear Him.

I say they should open their ears. Let them hear!

I dream of the day we can finally see Him too, so

I try to give them a glimpse today.

I hope they can open their eyes and ears and know they are like me.

I am passionately loved and monumentally important.

Rebekah Arana Nigh

Six words will never be enough.

- Riley Nylin





Rebekah  
Arana  
High 2

## RAIN DEMONS

A kaleidoscope scenery disguised as monochrome billows  
Wake the country with it's booms of darkness.  
Clouds grow higher as lightning strikes the ground.  
Meanwhile, wind blows around stripping leaves from branches.

I dance through the summer evening, matching my footsteps  
To the pitter-pattering of the aqua littered streets.  
Each step, a window, releasing my darkest energies.  
And from the turf beneath they wander into the air.

Like little birds my flaws freckle the eerie skylines  
The lightning shakes a little silver tear from my lash.  
I dance on and my emotions circle me with the leaves.  
They spiral over my head as the final drops splash at my ankles.

The storm draws to a close, the clouds are empty  
And through the breeze of a humble calm my feelings soar.  
Twisting upwards, winding, with the rest of the blowing elements.  
\* To join the billows and once again darken the skies.

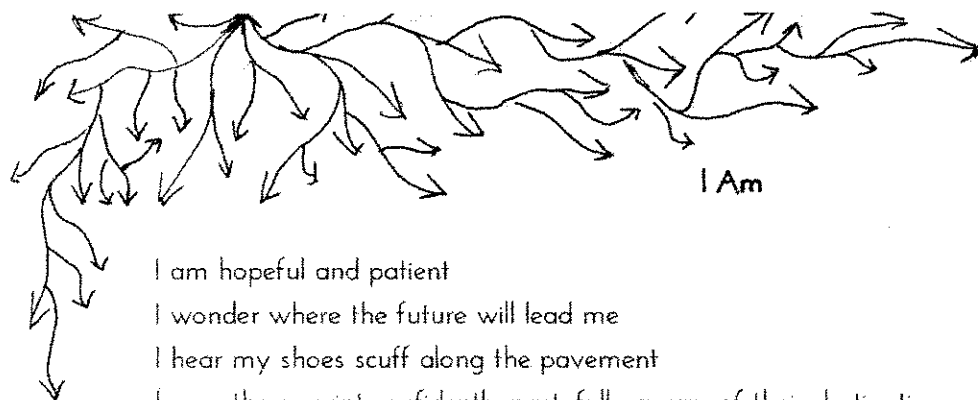
And in that quiet moment I lost track of my steps  
Because for minutes I watched the new storm tumble away.  
Much like an ocean wave floating off to the horizon line,  
Daylight drew to a close and I discovered a whole new kind of darkness.

-LYDIA KING-

## Makinzie McCoy

Hold your head high, even if your spirit is low; never slouch, posture is everything; be confident, but not cocky—carry yourself as a soldier would; have courage, even when you are shaking with fear; be alert, but not jumpy; always respect authority, even though they may not respect you; be a leader but do not walk around as if you are a ruler; straighten your tie, iron your pants, button your blazer, for this is how a true soldier would dress; *but the crease will not straighten*; act as if you are a professional, but stand at ease whenever you have the opportunity; love each man even if you do not like him, for he may save your life; take a moment to remember what you have come here for. and what you are fighting to keep; shine your shoes, buckle your belt, and adjust you cuffs, for a soldier should always appear presentable; know where you are, but do not forget where you came from; set goals for yourself and do not stop trying until you have achieved them; get to know your comrades; but be prepared for loss, for this is a battlefield; carry your gun with pride, but know when to use it; continue to push yourself even if you are wounded or in pain; you will encounter difficult situations, handle these situations logically, not emotionally; you will have to make many difficult decisions and you will be faced with challenging tasks, but if you are a soldier, you will be able to handle these dilemmas with grace; *what if I can't handle the situation?*; accept criticism as a way to become a stronger person; inner strength is equally important as physical strength; take time to focus on religion, this will keep you faithful; do not fear<sup>4</sup> death, for you will always be afraid, accept death as peace; be a man who is willing to risk his own safety to aid someone who needs his help, for that is what a true soldier is; *A soldier never leaves another man behind?*; indeed, a soldier will never leave a man behind.





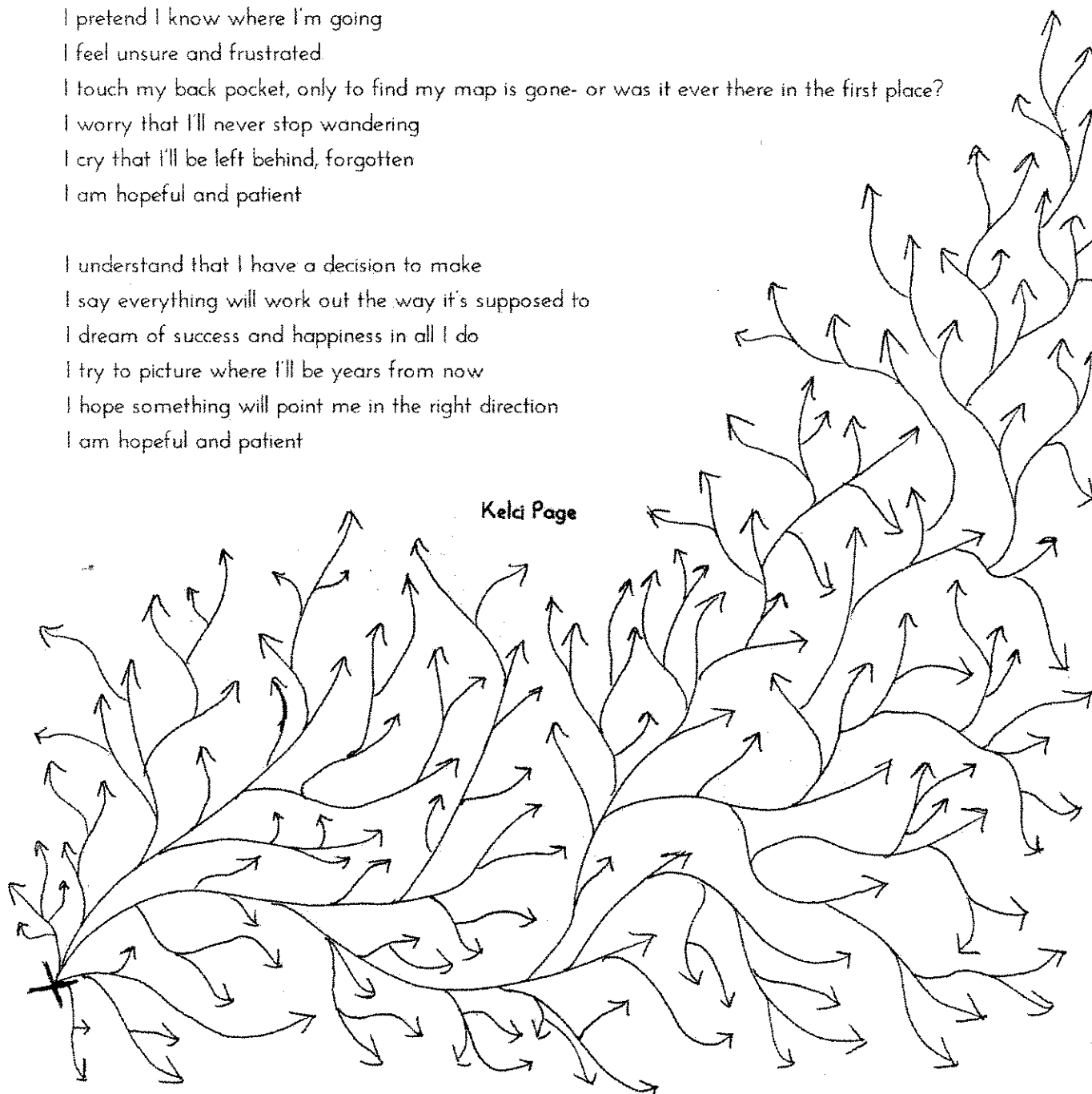
I Am

I am hopeful and patient  
 I wonder where the future will lead me  
 I hear my shoes scuff along the pavement  
 I see others sprint confidently past, fully aware of their destination and eager to get there  
 I want a destination.  
 I am hopeful and patient

I pretend I know where I'm going  
 I feel unsure and frustrated  
 I touch my back pocket, only to find my map is gone- or was it ever there in the first place?  
 I worry that I'll never stop wandering  
 I cry that I'll be left behind, forgotten  
 I am hopeful and patient

I understand that I have a decision to make  
 I say everything will work out the way it's supposed to  
 I dream of success and happiness in all I do  
 I try to picture where I'll be years from now  
 I hope something will point me in the right direction  
 I am hopeful and patient

Kelci Page



Sam Wall

This is how to procrastinate, just sit and watch television; maybe let the computer screen go to sleep a few times, maybe go take a small nap, just kill some time; let the dogs out and play ball with them, whatever you do it's better than sitting down to do the homework, school is really boring and not much fun; the people that have to be dealt with are very idiotic and need to learn how to be normal people but of course that will never happen, -- *What happened to writing the paper?*; It'll get there, I promise; the show that is playing in the background is a very big distraction, the television that's playing is one method of how to stay awake just to procrastinate some more, this is how to switch from a word processor to a Google Chrome tab because you want to check Facebook, this is how to get yelled at when your mother walks up behind you and notices you are screwing around, when you lose track of what you're trying to write because the program playing on TV has an action scene that grabs your attention so quick and you can't shake it loose you lose all sense of thought and just kind of ramble on, this is how you know you need a new paragraph so you can add more new information, this is how you write a sentence that summarizes all your information and foreshadows your new information, this is how you make sure your paper is saved so you don't lose all of your hard work; make sure you didn't forget your dogs outside and didn't lose them in the field, this is how you need to get back on topic so you don't fail your class, this is how you finish up your paragraph and go on to your -- *This seems too complex for such a small paper.* It's definitely time for a snack because I have been writing for way to long, this is how you should start a concluding paragraph and restate your thesis; this is how you check through the paper to make sure you didn't forget anything and this is how you hit print, this is how you save, exit, and shut down your computer; finally you can go upstairs to fall asleep just to wake you and start the whole thing over again.



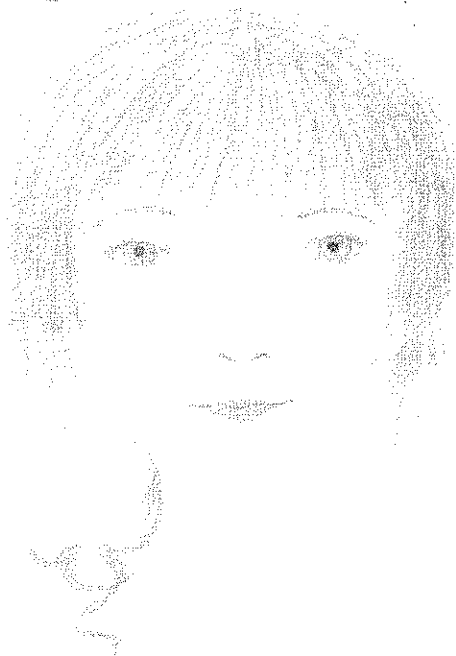
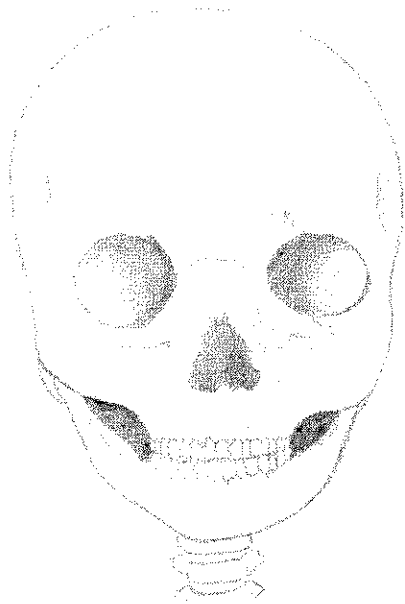
Cheyenne Moore



This is how you keep your room clean and organized; this is how you make your bed every morning, smooth and not wrinkled; this is how you hand your shirts with extra care, make sure they don't wrinkle; this is how you keep everything in line; don't talk back to other people; show respect to your peers, no matter how old; listen to adults; always turn in schoolwork on time; study for a hard test; help people every chance you get; treat others as you wish to be treated; don't take advantage of the extraordinary people who surround you; this is how you say a prayer every night before bed—thank God for all he has blessed you with; this is how you go to football practice; make sure to come home with perfect grass stains painted on your jersey like a canvas; this is how you clean the jersey with stain remover—with care and love; stay true to your friends; always tell the truth so you stay out of trouble; this is how you carry a good conscious; fight for what you believe in and what is right; this is how you use good manners; be a good son and help Mom set the table on Thanksgiving Day; this is how you sneak a bite of that delicious casserole before it is presented—don't let anyone see you; this is how you make it through tough times—with me by your side; don't fear the unknown when learning and growing; *but learning can be so boring and complicated*; explore and learn every day; discover new things; this is how you get coated with mud from playing in a shallow creek with your friends; this is how you find cool creatures in that long creek; this is how you go home and explain to Mom why you used the hose before entering her meticulously vacuumed living room; *but I'd rather just be dirty*; what would she say if you tracked mud into that perfectly vacuumed room?

Don't point at strangers; don't pick your nose -- especially when talking to strangers; don't speak with your mouth full; only speak when spoken to; don't interrupt me when I'm talking; *but mommy I need this*; make your bed before school; brush your teeth -- because no one wants to smell last night's dinner; put your dishes away after you eat; eat with proper manners; always stand straight, don't be a hunchback; arrive to school on time, because frankly, my dear, timing is everything; bring your laundry down; yes I'll sign that permission slip later; *mom, I need you to sign this now*; don't interrupt me when I'm talking; smile with joy; smile at others; smile at those whom you do not like; eat all your vegetables -- and I mean it; don't disobey, you won't get far; keep your daily exercise; go to all dance lessons; get your homework done on time; this is how you make baked spaghetti; this is how you set the table -- fork always on the right; do your homework, yes, I will help you; keep your chin up; keep your grades higher; don't laugh at others; laugh at yourself; follow the golden rule; no disrespect, for we are your elders; always tell the truth; *mother, I didn't do it, I swear!*; don't lie to me; take your shoes off in the house; vacuum your room; dust the house; my house is your house -- even though I bought it; your friends are always welcome, welcome others into your life, for you never know what you will learn; this is how you put on mascara; this is how you put on a dress; this is how you know what to wear, so you don't look like trash; empty your garbage; de-clutter your closet, it is far too messy; comb your hair -- it looks nice pushed back; *mom, I need new clothes*; be grateful for what you have; always say thank you; say hello to strangers, but not the ones offering you candy in a van; be nice to others; figure out what you want to do with your life; make wise decisions; don't be foolish, be mature; *mom, will you help me move out?*; this is how you love someone you care about -- like your father and me.

Jenna Larson





## The Barbie Doll

Picture this: A blonde-haired, blue-eyed woman is standing in line, wearing a size-two brand named dress. She has perfectly manicured fingernails to match her perfectly pedicured toenails. Her teeth are pearly white, and her skin is a golden brown. Now, consider the girl standing in line behind the first young lady. She has big black glasses, messy hair, and is wearing a big grey sweatshirt that hides her figure. Her nails are short, unpainted, and bitten. Which one portrays the "perfect look?" Most would likely answer the first woman, yet both have a unique beauty. So, where does this misconception of beauty begin? The answer is simple: It starts with the portrayal of perfection through the media. In fact, the "perfect look"-- the "Barbie Doll" image-- is streamlined through the media, depicting an unachievable level of perfection-- the perfect hair, the perfect make-up, the perfect physique.

On average, the media exposes a person to 5,000 advertisements daily (Johnson). Those 5,000 advertisements can be on the TV or in magazines or on billboards; they are inescapable. Their women strive for or have attained perfection-- a perfection that does not exist outside a magazine world. Magazines bombard women's minds with the distorted images of the models-- images that are created through the magic of photoshopping and airbrushing. For instance, *Cosmopolitan Magazine* has an advertisement for "Kardashian Kolor" nail polish, with Kim, Khloe, and Kourtney Kardashian modeling it (73). What is wrong with this picture? The Kardashian women are known for their voluptuous curves, yet they do not have them in their

own advertisement. They all are portrayed with petite physiques; they have been airbrushed. An everyday girl cannot compete with a computerized look.

The perfect hair and perfect make-up and perfect clothes are all glamorized to such an extreme that magazines devote entire sections to the "in" styles. In particular, *Cosmopolitan Magazine* publishes articles such as "Apply Mascara So Your Eyelashes Look Huge," and "What's In, What's Out" for fashion trends. Also, Topran, a writer for *Cosmopolitan*, published an article for the perfect hair, "Get Longer, Lusher Hair." However, there is a problem with this type of fashion reporting: Style changes every two seconds so it is hard to keep up with the latest trends. Of course, along with the dozens of articles, come the advertisements, saying exactly what a girl needs to purchase for beauty. For instance, Maybelline cosmetics advertise their Great Lash mascara in *Cosmopolitan* (79). The model's eyelashes are voluminous and long-- the type every girl wants; however, not even that model has those eyelashes: She, too, is the product of electronic editing.

Long legs, tight butt, flat abs-- this is an idealistic standard created by, again, the media. It is the perfect body so many work hard to achieve but rarely ever do. Magazines claim they can give a woman the body she always dreamt of if she just follows their newest exercise program or diet. *Fitness Magazine* illustrates this point well in its piece "Get into the Groove." The article says "You've got what it takes to look hot..." (95). It goes on to suggest that eight simple moves can give a person the body of the model-- flat abs, sculpted legs, tight gluteus (Lee 94-99). In reality, this model probably spends hours a day at the gym with a personal trainer to shape her body, and of course, she has the benefit of airbrush. *Self Magazine* promotes a "Drop 10" plan where they identify "Skinny Foods." This plan tells precisely how many calories can be eaten a

day-- 1,600 to be exact-- what foods to eat, and what to drink (Bried 93-114). It implies, with its beautiful skinny models, that any woman can have the "perfect look."

Even the movies are stooping so low as to blatantly define beauty. *Mean Girls* describes the typical high school "popular" clique that a new girl joins. The clique has rules such as jeans can only be worn once a week along with the hair in a ponytail. Furthermore, they all have to look in the mirror and point out one thing they do not like about themselves-- their "man" arms, large pores, zits. In addition to all these condescending rules, the movie shows the "journey" of one girl as she attempts to lose weight; conversely, the diet she chooses actually makes her gain weight. When she tries on a size-three brand named dress, it does not fit; hence, she asks for a size five. However, the clerk pointedly tells her that the brand name only goes up to a size three. A size three? Who fits into a size three? Herein, the movie defines the "Barbie Doll" image-- the perfect hair, clothes, and physique-- perfectly.

Even toys can produce expectations of a distorted body image. The "Barbie Doll" image is just the body of an unrealistic plastic doll. Consider that this Barbie Doll were a real person: She would be 5'9", with a thirty-nine inch bust, eighteen inch waist, thirty-three inch hips, and a size three shoe. Her body mass index would be dangerously low at sixteen; she would weigh in at 110 pounds. Basically, many women are trying to model their own bodies after a physically impossible creation. When in light of the measurements, who would even want a Barbie Doll figure? She is anorexic and would more than likely not have a menstrual cycle (Katz). The beauty of Barbie does not transfer over to reality and is nothing more than a fun plastic toy for little girls.

As the media creates an unrealistic body image for women to strive towards, women will continue to be unsatisfied; the expectations are impractical and will never be met. The "perfect



look” and “Barbie Doll” image actually do exist: They are just the creations of a computer. But, why would someone want to conform? Each woman is beautiful in her own way. The perfect hair, perfect make-up, perfect physique might exist for a select few, but for most, it is hogwash. Every woman is perfectly herself!

By Kaylea Davis

His Eyes  
Christine Hultquist

A stranger sits next to me at the bar,  
No handsome creature can compare to his beauty.  
Through his eyes come unspoken words that dream me in.  
We do not speak but we know everything.  
His eyes hold a secret his smile strives to hide,  
More sinister than man, showing his distant, lying and cheating side.  
As unholy as it seems, it was as if he was from Heaven.  
I am enchanted with the mystery within his eyes,  
He wanted the aching to cease.

The tension rises as we leave together.  
My racing heart yearning for his touch,  
As I stumble within his darkness,  
His god-like figure found mine.  
As he grows untamed, I will not stop him.  
He takes the breath from my lips.  
Over time his eyes begin to shine with a new purpose.  
I despise him but cannot help but adore the dark that lay beside me.

He was merely just a dream when the night was over,  
But I will never forget his eyes,  
For he is the one who changed me.

# The Man

By Christine Hultquist

A man greets the masses at the Lord's ball  
His face showing no signs of age, perfection, exquisite beauty  
The most handsome human being ever to set foot on earth  
His eyes dancing around taking in every bit of life  
Sucking it in with the deep brown shimmering of his iris  
But that is not the most handsome thing about him

The man smiles  
Its radiance lights up the whole room  
melting everyone's heart  
Making his eyes squint from the inner joy he holds  
Enhancing the whole room, making it seem completely different  
As if it were a new day, a new party

The man laughs  
His lips so lovely parted  
Just enough to show his fair teeth perfectly aligned  
His laughter dances across his gentle mouth  
Hypnotizing the crowd  
lightening the odd stir within the building

They turn to see the man at his best  
Dazzling eyes gleaming like the chandelier above him;  
His dark hair falls perfectly with ease, caressing his delicate face  
displaying the angelic creature and his stunning smile  
making them feel honored to be in his god-like presence  
captivated by his cursed beauty

Matt Konrady

Bacon fills the soul

Up to the top

I eat the bacon

I'll never stop

I love the sizzle

In the frying pan

I'll never share it

With another man

If I have 10 pieces

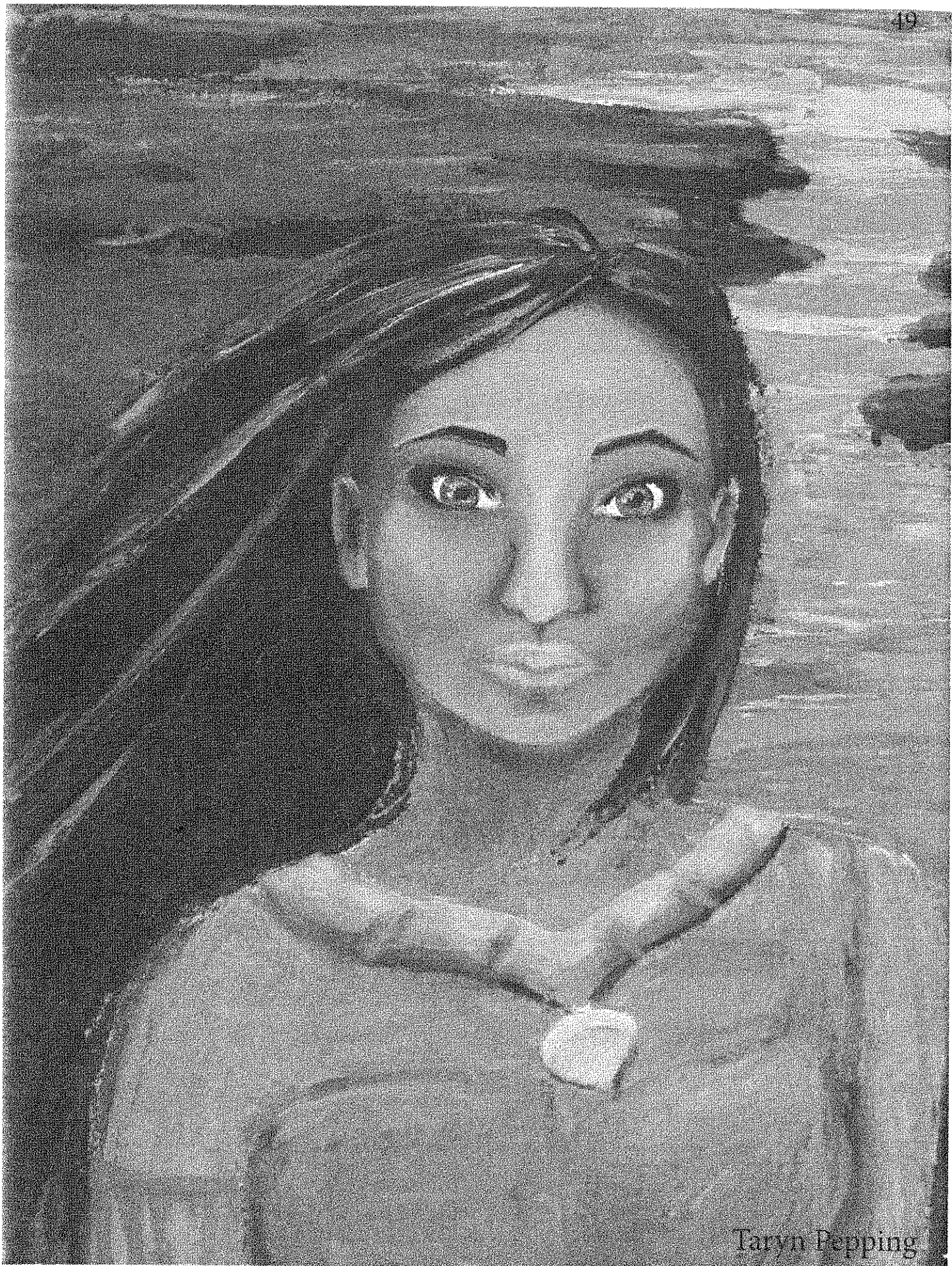
and you want 2

I still have 10

Cause I don't share with you.

Bacon.





Taryn Pepping

# Socks

By: Bethany Cronise

Cautiously creeping down the hall  
Looking out for someone to stalk  
Socks spies a bug on the wall  
Quietly she moves towards her prey  
Moving slower and slower as she gets closer  
Looking for the right time to pounce  
Waiting patiently for the perfect time  
She watches as her prey moves closer  
Socks deliberately dives forward  
Her prey flies away just in time  
She moves on to her next task

Dear my baby,

I love you more than you can imagine

All my life I prayed for a girl like you

I'd give my heart to you, take a bullet for you

Your eyes sparkle like the beautiful sky

You make me smile on my darkest days

I'm having the time of my life, and it's all because of you

I don't know where I would be without you

I carry your heart with me, as you stole mine

You were my first love, and hopefully my last

Can you forever be mine?

I remember staring at you the first day we met

I knew I finally found what love really was

Each day we're together, I feel our love getting

Stronger and stronger

Now you're my whole life, and now you're my

World

When I met you, my life changed

I've never been the type to say what I feel

So I keep everything inside

But with you it is different

I just wanted to say,

I love you



## Taylor Gee

Support (Pillow)  
I am soft, yet strong.

The support to which one holds onto.

The sorrows I soak up

As if I'm a cotton ball.

He's comforted by my presence

Though he sees me in the morning and night

Every day of every year,

He places his senses upon me

Holding me with love.

## The Battle

Caliginous field they occupy- strewed

Among this citadel

Smoke a haze filling lungs with fetid fog

Scurry back to the manor in frantic flight

They made it to security- Rescue

Hidden away in the halls of this manor,

gloom and obscurity engulf the jagged depleted composition,

they found sanctuary

The architecture stands here high in the sky- alpine

a compelling archway,

the golden gates with automatic consent,

they made it

Sun gleaming on a treacherous day- survival

the beat down bridge they persevere,

it seems they won

for now...



Tattered, yellowed pages envelope secrets.

Not good secrets, of lovers in the night or how babes turn in to criminals,  
But secrets just the same.

They sit patiently,, propped against themselves and they gather dust.

They want to release their secrets, waiting for an ear in which to whisper, or a mountaintop  
from which  
to shout

But your eyes, your questions, your 'might as well's in slivers of free time, are their voices.

Fresh pages wait eagerly, sure that they will not be forgotten because *they* are new.

Forgetting that they all were new, once. They have all been forgotten, and no different fate  
awaits fresh  
pages.

Their secrets are no more important than the rest, no more sought out, no more paramount.

They sit with their secrets, beckoning to you to come talk to them.

If you answer, they will talk as much as you will them.

Or, you can keep walking.



Touched by an Angel

Mitchel Gorsh

Clouds darkening, approaching the night

Snow and sleet falling, turning to ice.

Looking into the windshield, lights blinding my sight

Road begins to narrow, slowly losing control.

Screams, sounds of crashing heard all around me

Strong forces pushing like a twister enraged.

Suddenly in a quick moment silence, movements stop only to see

Luminous peaceful feelings, leaving all worries behind.

Touched on the shoulder, frightened turning around

Life becomes a dream, a moment in time.

A beautiful gleaming angel not making a sound

Floating through space over the scene looking below.

Taking me up above away from this mangled car

Fear, sadness, happiness mixed feelings arise.

Leaving this accident behind taken very far

Gone forever, this moment lost in time.

I Am

Jordyn Head

I am attentive and dedicated.

I wonder what I can accomplish with my life.

I hear words of encouragement.

I see my triumphs.

I want to achieve my ambitions.

I pretend there isn't any doubt in my mind.

I feel like I can do anything I put my mind to.

I touch my dreams.

I worry about things I can't control.

I cry when I wear down—when I can no longer handle the pressure.

I am attentive and dedicated.

I understand the significance of hard work.

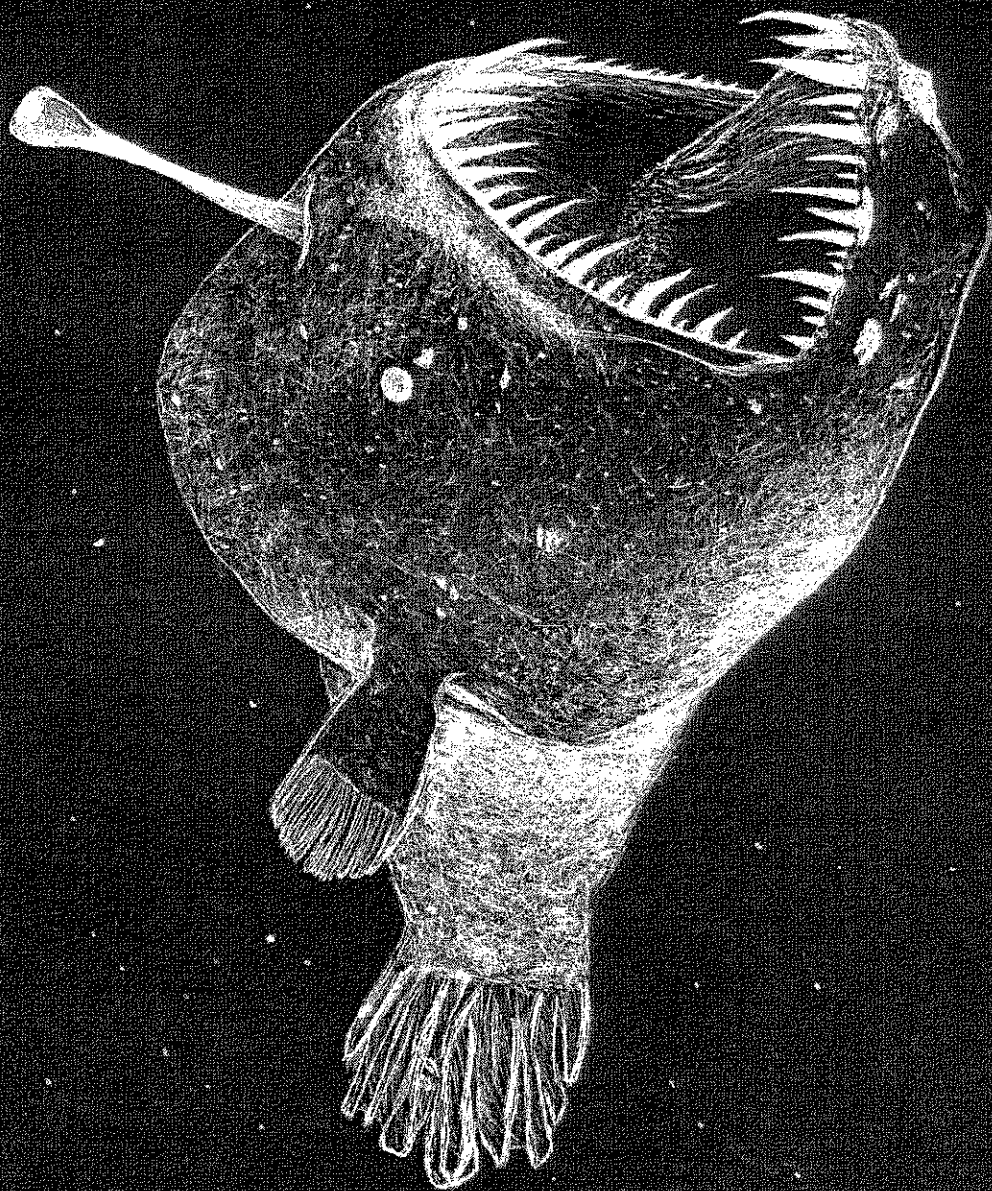
I say I can handle everything.

I dream about being successful.

I try to please everyone.

I hope reach my aspirations.

I am attentive and dedicated.





I Am  
Hope Yates

58

I am lost yet found.

I wonder who I am supposed to be, when I will discover her.

I hear two, conflicting voices inside my head and within my heart.

I see forks in the road wherever I go, choices demanding to be made.

I want to be perfect, to be admired.

I am lost yet found.

I pretend I know the answers to all things beautiful and chaotic.

I feel like only a speck of sparkle in this glamorous world, yet superior  
in my life.

I touch the openings of my future every day with optimism.

I worry of failure, mostly to myself.

I cry of jumbled feelings and unanswered questions.

I am lost yet found.

I understand I cannot take back and I cannot plan ahead.

I say wise words but my actions do not always reflect my beliefs.

I dream of fairytales, unconsciously dodging the story God has already  
written for me.

I try to be the greatest I am capable of being.

I hope that brings me to where I need to be, who I need to be.

I am lost yet found.



Emma Hubner

# The Forgotten Toy

60

Samantha Nistico

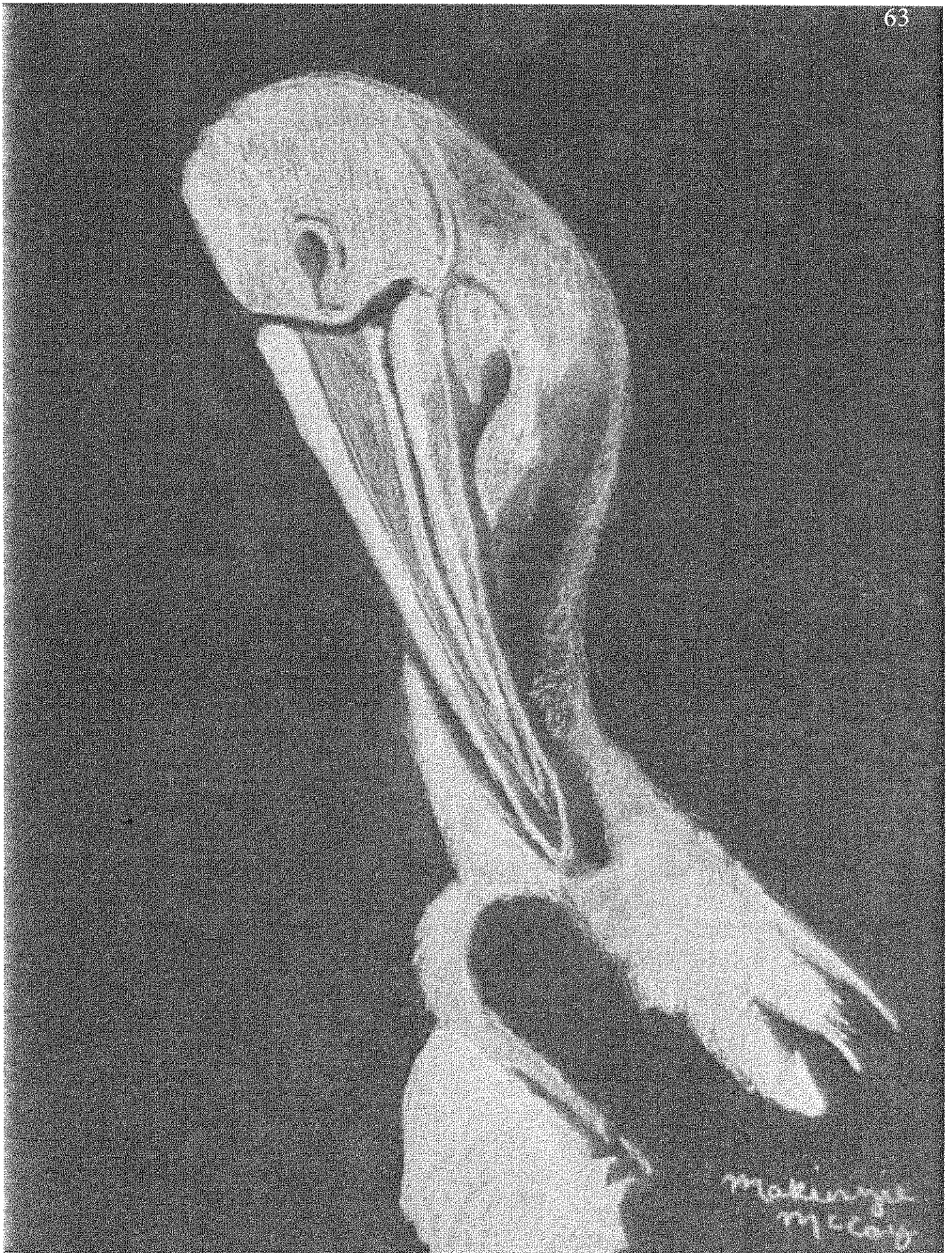
Love has faded, Forgottenness has set in  
Laying in a chest rests your old best friend,  
Old, worn out and beholder of all your secrets  
You may not have seen me, but I cried when you cried,  
Smiled when you smiled, ear open at all times,  
There for you through the thick and thin.  
You're getting older, your thoughts going through change.  
Staying full of innocence I will always remain.  
As age set in, your thoughts moved on,  
And forgot about your best friend,  
Laying in your toy chest all along.  
Everyday I am waiting for you to open the chest,  
With all the other forgotten toys,  
Hoping one day we can finish what we started.  
My ears will always be open, to hear your secrets once again.  
If you need me I'll be in the chest at the end of your bed,  
Being forgotten, not a thought of me in your head.



Don't ever take even a sip of alcohol; don't go to wild parties; always tell me where you're at; I wish that rich girl you hang out with was more respectful; choose your friends wisely; be a good friend but don't tell them too much; never say anything negative about yourself, even if you don't mean it; work hard at what you're good at; don't give up in areas in which you excel; make sure you do your homework before anything fun; don't even think about getting on that dirt bike your dad bought you -- I've told him countless times I'd never let you ride one; you shouldn't snowmobile or go-kart in the dark; don't listen to your father because he's probably completely drunk anyway; don't ever think a man will change; don't get your hopes up for anything because life never turns out the way we want; do what you want to do in life, and don't let yourself be told what to do; get a job, a good one, because you're intelligent; don't sit around home like me; don't fumble through life like your dad, either; *but I thought you liked being able to do what you wanted at home, and dad does just fine at giving us money*; this is how to make macaroni and cheese; this is how you avoid the steam so you don't burn yourself; this is how you take your dad his food in the basement; this is how you bring it all back up; this is how you look for empty bottles hidden behind the couch when he's gone; this is how you take a sniff inside each one, just to confirm your fears, as you secretly hope the burning smell doesn't reach your nose; this is how you hide everything again and forget; remember to never be like your father; this is how you never tell a soul; this is how to go on; this is how you do well in school; this is how to get involved in activities that reflect well on you; this is how you manage your time; be sure to get eight hours of sleep; always eat breakfast in the morning -- your dad never eats breakfast; *well, I'm usually not really that hungry in the mornings, either*; this is how to think for yourself; this is how to be a leader; this is how you become important; this is how you get a college education; make sure that you actually do learn in college and don't just waste your life away at parties; be responsible; do all that is asked of you and be helpful; take out the trash and put it in the burning barrel; take the compost bucket and throw its contents into the woods; put the recycling in a plastic bag to take to the store; always be organized, unlike your dad's room in the basement; always have a bag packed, because you never know when Mom might need a vacation and want you to come along with her; never pick dare during truth or dare at a sleepover; always do what seems moral and kind and respectful; always stay away from anything dangerous; follow the rules no matter where you are because they are for your own good; don't be tempted to be like your dad and pull dangerous stunts or ride dangerous vehicles or drink poisons that drain away the intelligence you once had; *but Mom, Dad is really smart and makes lots of money and nothing bad will ever happen to us because of him*; don't be ignorant, either -- another trait of your father's; don't count on luck being on your side; you mustn't believe that our way of life is permanent, for lives change in an instant; and you mustn't change to be like your father; you must be my smart, good little girl who cooks and sews and stays inside; *but Mom, I can't stand any of those things you like, and I love my dad and don't understand how you could say such nasty things abo--*; there you go again, defending the one who brings us so much pain; sometimes, child, I truly think you'll end up being just like your dad.

Start by inviting all of your friends; Then go out and buy food and drinks; Next go rent a bunch of scary movies; Then make sure you have lots of blankets for those scared ones; Make a lot of popcorn in case the movie is long; Always have a buddy to go to the bathroom with afterwards; Don't you dare open the front door; Let all phones go to voicemail, who knows who's on THE OTHER END; Never go investigate strange noises you hear outside; Lock all doors and windows; Make sure all pets are inside; Keep a phone nearby just in case something were to happen; Shut up during the movie; nobody wants to hear you talk; Don't be a jerk and intentionally try to scare someone; *But I think it's funny*; It's not to the person you are trying to scare; Always be on the lookout for you never know who may be lurking, Always close the curtains; Be sure to leave at least one light on; Have a hand to hold if you get scared; Hug a pet to calm you down; Jump if you must, for it makes for a better experience; Even if you think you killed the monster, don't check to make sure they're really dead, just leave; If you run, trip and fall, get the heck back up; Don't play in or near graveyards at midnight, for that's surely a dumb idea; Never go to an old deserted house looking for help, cause chances are there is no help there; Stay away from strangers carrying chain saws or other dangerous tools; Don't go into a dark room; Don't be cocky, they're the first to go; If someone has a mask on, run; Always believe the killer if he says he's going to kill you; *How do you know he's not just bluffing*; He's a killer, don't question it; Go out the door, don't go upstairs for you will be trapped there; Don't provoke the villain; Remember good guy dolls may not be as "good" as they say; Don't ask who's there, they're not going to answer; and lastly, Remember that they are just movies; *Or are they?*

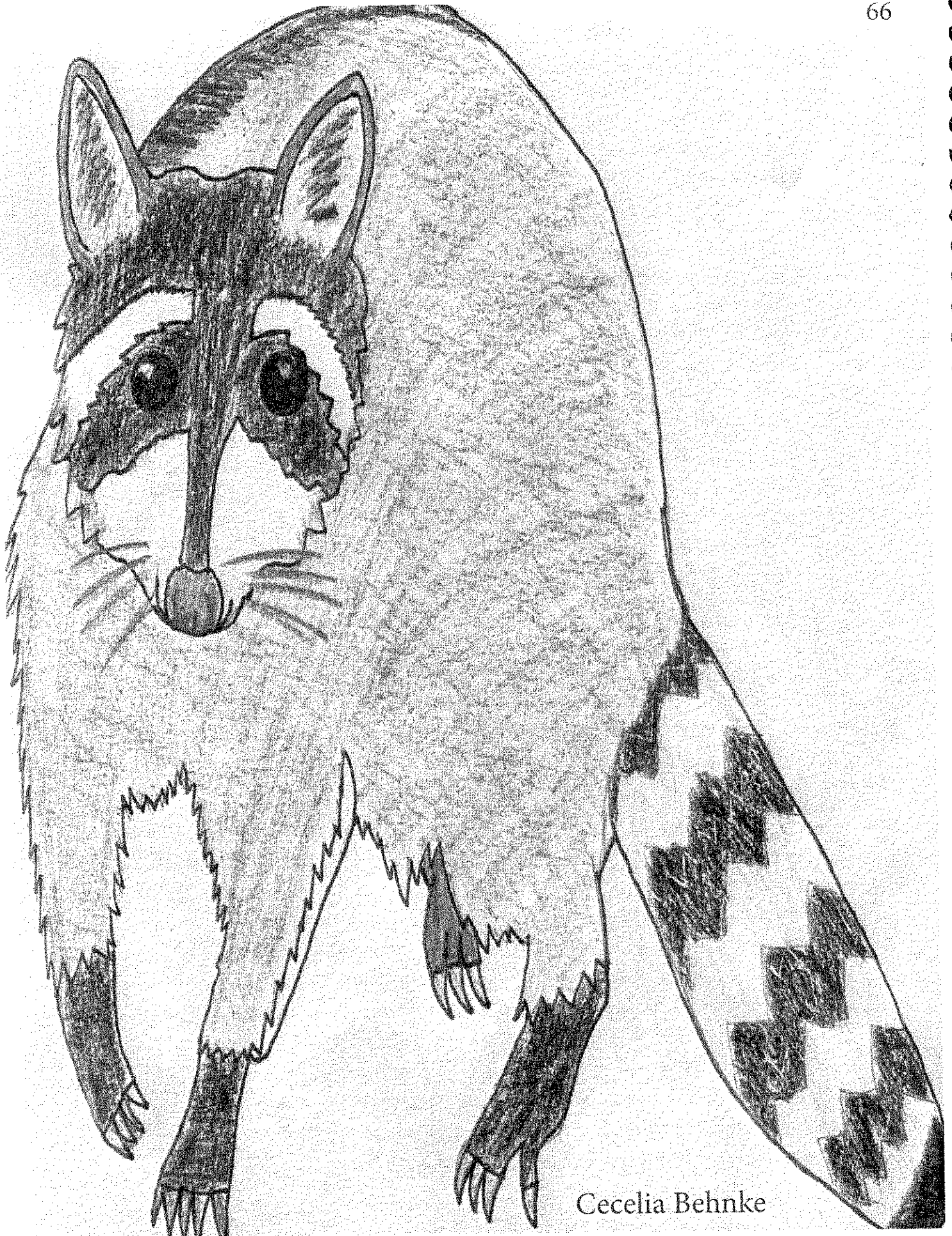
Molly Engle





Always listen to your friend's problems; always try to find the best solution; help a friend out of the problem; always help out friends; never reveal your friend's secrets, no matter how entertaining they are; always stand up for people who are being put down unjustly; never make an opinion of a friend based on what other people think of them, there is always more to a person than what you see on the surface; don't be a backstabber; always make fun of friends to their face, and never in a serious way; always apologize if mean things were said; this is how to write an apology note; this is how to apologize face to face; this is how to stop wasting time over stupid arguments; this is how to stay away from arguments; never have fights over boys, so not worth ruining a friendship; *learned that the hard way*; never steal a friend's boyfriend; always tell the truth about their boyfriend, even if he is a total jerk; always tell a friend the truth, even if it really hurts them; always find time to comfort a friend, even if there are a million other things needed to be done; always help a friend with homework, so they can return the favor; never be the person who doesn't appreciate favors from friends and just expect them to happen; *I have always despised people like that*; never be rude to a friend; always be the one who can be counted on; never ditch a friend; always be there to help; try to always be positive; try to give the best advice; don't be serious all the time; know when to use humor; try to have the best times when with friends, don't be too stupid when making decisions, just dumb enough to have a good time; don't care what other people think, just have fun; do random things; have deep conversations; never have the conversations be about other friends; try to trust people with information, but of course be careful of what is said; do the best you can to stay in touch with friends after you all part separate ways across the country or wherever you may be going; always keep good friends and toss the bad ones to the side; follow all these directions that have been said and good people and good friendships will come to you.

Wake up to the alarm; hear the bell ring; get to class on time; it's okay to be late—but only fashionably late; dress to fit in with everyone else; do not stick out too much; *but what if I want to be different?*, it is okay to be different; be ready to be judged; gain a good reputation; not everything is about doing what is cool; do what is right—even when no one is watching; make sure you go to work; make money to spend; go shopping for some new clothes; try everything on before you think about buying it; *what if the fitting rooms are full and I am in a hurry?*, think all of your decisions through; do not make dumb decisions; bad decisions just lead to consequences; *but I never get in trouble*, this is how you stay out of trouble; this is how you make trouble; this is how you make dinner; this is how you feed your family; this is how you love your family; this is how you have a relationship; this is how you avoid having a relationship; this is how you avoid traffic—especially during rush hour, because it will save you a lot of time; make sure you are always checking the clock; remember not to be late—unless it is fashionably late; do not miss the bus; do not miss test questions; study for your classes; take good notes; always tell the truth; only lie in the right moments; never lie to your parents; take your parents out to eat, that's the least you can do—they brought you in to this world; have children when you are ready; make sure that you are married before you have children; get married in your church; go to church every Sunday; go to youth group on Wednesdays; on Thursdays go to practice; practice how you play; do not make friends with the other team; *I am going to if they aren't rude*, do not trust a stranger; never get in the same car with a stranger—even if he has candy; safety always comes first; don't run by the pool—no matter how late you will be; don't splash others; don't be annoying; people will not make friends with annoying people; choose your friends carefully—four quarters are better than one hundred pennies; save money for college; do not party too hard; get your work done; do not go out every night; it is okay to say no—no matter how fun it sounds; this is how you say no; this is how you say yes; this is how you say hello; this is how you wave goodbye; this is how you surf; this is how you swim; this is how you shower; this is how you dry off; this is how you wander through a desert; this is how you eat dessert; this is how you stay healthy; this is how you exercise; this is how you maintain a healthy diet; *what if I am still hungry after I eat my food?*, do not eat too much at one time; give food time to digest; be to dinner on time; do not leave anyone waiting—unless you are only fashionably late.





Samantha Nistico

I think I'll always miss you, like the stars miss the morning skies.  
And if you want to try again, we can turn the present back to the past.  
None of your scars will mme love you any less  
Maybe everything was meant to be this way because to me one of the hardest parts  
of life deciding whether to walk away or to try harder,  
And standing here alone makes me feel abandoned  
But standing with you makes me feel infinite.  
Never be afraid because we've done this before but I'll also understand because,  
Fear is greater than love, remember that.

Spirits of the Past

We are the people, forgotten, who could have been-

You killed us.

You wanted better, wishing for what we couldn't give you.

We struggled, fighting to be who we could be

And you swept us aside in your quest for better things.

We remain, as ghosts, haunting you,

Prying at your mind and tearing at your soul,

Forcing you to see what you have done, who you have become.

Fear us, mortal, for we were once you

And one day you might become one of us

Kirk Kreiter

Remembering my past, Dreaming my future  
- Maddy Youngers

Emmett Till Script By: Allie Stutting, Dan Stutting, Halle Wilmott, and Ali Watkins

Dan - The Whistle Heard Around The World

Allie - A Turning Point in Civil Rights History

Ali - By Ali Watkins

Halle - Halle Wilmott

Dan - Dan Stutting **\*Step Forward\***

Allie - And Allie Stutting **\*Step Forward\***

**\*Ali and Halle move next to each other\***

**\*\*Dan and Allie go back stage\*\***

Halle - Emmett Till, a 14 year old African American boy, was brutally beaten and lynched on August 28, 1955, in Mississippi.

Ali - The public's reaction to his wrongful death and the trial outcome resulted in a turning point in the segregated South and all of Civil Rights history. When Emmett Till, a young African American from Chicago, was invited to spend part of his summer in 1955 with extended family in southern Mississippi, he was young and clueless about the segregationist culture of the South and the Jim Crow laws that prohibited him from carrying out everyday interactions with white people.

Halle - On the evening of August 24th, 1955, Emmett and his cousins went down to Bryant's Grocery and Meat Market. Emmett, wanting to impress his friends, went inside the grocery store and presumably started to talk "fresh" to Carolyn Bryant, the white woman working behind the counter.

Ali - 4 days later on August 28th, Roy Bryant, Carolyn Bryant's husband, and his brother, J.W. Milam went to Mose Wright's house where Emmett Till was staying.

Halle- They dragged him from his home and brought him to a cliff near the Tallahatchie River, where they were going to try to scare him by holding him over the edge. Emmett refused to cower to the men. He stayed strong and decided to not back down to Milam and Bryant, no matter how much they intimidated him.

Ali - From the cliff, they took him to a barn and committed the unthinkable.

Halle - Shot

**\*\*STOMP or SLAP STICK\*\***

Ali - Beaten

**\*\*Bang board or PUNCH FIST\*\***

All- lynched (Hold up barbed wire)

**\*Everyone gasps\*\*As we gasp, Allie and Dan walk out - Dan has guitar\*\***

Allie - This is how 14 year old Emmett Till was brutally murdered on the night of August 28th 1955. **\*\*Turn around\*\***

Halle - Emmett was lynched with barbed wire, weighted down with a cotton gin and thrown into the Tallahatchie River in Mississippi. His decomposing body was found days later by a fisherman. **\*\*Turn around\*\***

Dan - When Emmett Till's body was returned to his hometown of Chicago. His mother, Mamie Till Mobley, was asked about funeral preparations and showing of the body. She said..

**\*Turn around\* WITH WOMEN HAT ON**

Allie - "No, let them see what I saw." My Emmett may be gone, but not another mother should lose a son to this insanity. **\*Freeze\***

Dan - And she had them lay his body out for five days. 600,000 people viewed his deformed corpse.

Ali - The murder of Emmett Till sparked a turning point in the Civil Rights Movement and the segregated South forever. Today, our search for equality in America has made great strides from the early days of the Civil Rights Movement. And though very tragic, Emmett Till's death resulted in changes for African-Americans and all of America.

Allie - "Twas down in Mississippi not so long ago,

Ali - When a young boy from Chicago town stepped through a Southern door.

Halle - This boy's dreadful tragedy I can still remember well,

Dan - The color of his skin was black and his name was Emmett Till.

**\*\*Put up sign for the "store scene" August 24th 1955**

**\*\* Dan is Emmett \*\***

**\*\*Everyone walks behind stage\*\***

Dan and Allie come out with hats on.. **\*other side\***

**\*Ali puts up sign\***

Allie - "Emmett! I bet you wouldn't talk to no white women if ya had to save ya life!

Dan - Pshh yeah I would! I got my own white girl home in Chicago! Next month, September 5th 1955, is our anniversary of going out!

**\*\*Halle walks in\*\***

Allie - Golly Emmett! A white girl has put up with chu for a whole year?! Crazy talk!



Dan - Naw I ain't fibbin either! Say, I am going to go talk to that white girl in the store just to prove I can. "You might be afraid to do something like this, but not me" Just watch!

Dan - Hiya fine little lady.

Halle - Can I help you? *\*Snotty\**

Dan - Yea I'd like to know which way Hollywood is! Over there or over there?? *\*\*Flexing and laughs to himself\**

Halle - and why would you ever want to know where hollywood is at

Dan - I just want to know where you got those BEAUTIFUL looks!

Halle - *\*ughs in disgust\** so what do you want boy

Dan - "oh yea! uhh, I would like 2 pieces of (little whistle) dubble bubble gum please" I've been with white women befor-

Halle - *\*\*cutting him off\*\** that'll be 2 cents

Dan - *\*\*Hands a coin\*\** you keep the change, little lady... see ya 'round *\*\*Whistle\*\**  
*\*Halle acts startled and angry\**

Ali - Emmett! You can't be whistlin at no white lady like that you'll get yourself lynched!!!  
 Now let's scam before she gets us!

Halle - AND STAY AWAY! (somewhat scared) *\*Walk away on opposite side\**

*\*\* (Sign goes up that says Emmett's uncles house night of August 28th 1955) \*\**

*\*\*Allie puts on different hat and suit coat.\*\**

*\*Ali comes out and puts sign up... She is Mose\*\**

*~\**  
 Allie - *\*\*Knocks on door\*\**

Ali - *\*answers door as Mose wright\**

Allie - This is Mr. Bryant, I want to talk to you and the boy

Ali - What boy

Allie - The "fat boy" from Chicago, he's here ain't he?

Ali - Well, yes sir, come on in...

*\*\*Allie walks in\*\**

Allie - Well I want the boy that did all that talk

Ali - Sorry Sir, he's from Chicago, if he did anything to offend you, he don't know any better! He ain't from around here---

Allie - Well I am just going to have to take him for tonight **\*Goes to get dan\***

**\*ALLIE pushes through, Gets Emmett from the bed, and take him by the arm, Ali is trying to talk him out of it.\*\***

Ali - Sir, I'll give you all the money I got if you don't take him! Please sir! **\*continues begging\***

Allie- Well maybe if he wouldn't have put his hands all over my woman, I would consider. C'mon boy we got some settlin' to do.

**\*Allie pulls Dan out by the ear. \***

Ali - Oh no! Honey get up! Get up! They got Emmett!

**\*\*Runs OUT opposite direction and Halle comes out\***

**\*\*Allie and Halle may have to sing the first two lines ACAPELLA or we will all make it out on time\*\***

Some men they dragged him to a barn and there they beat him up.

They said they had a reason, but I can't remember what.

They tortured him and did some things too evil to repeat.

There was screaming sounds inside the barn, there was laughing sounds out on the street.

Then they rolled his body down a gulf amidst a bloody red rain

And they threw him in the waters wide to cease his screaming pain.

**\*\*Turn around after this line and freeze\*\***

**\*\*TURN AROUND\*** Ali- The night of August 28th, 1955, Emmett Till's kidnappers shot

**\*\*STOMP\*\*** and lynched

**\*\*\*\*Barbed wire\*\*\*\*** him with no remorse. Emmett Till was missing for three days. In that time, his mother was frantic in Chicago while relatives in Mississippi searched for the beloved son of Mamie Till Mobley. **(Allie is dialing on a rotary phone and acting this out)**

**Allie as Mamie**--- and I found out about it last Sunday morning I got up, called my mother and I told her the news. Every Decision I had every made and every crux I had ever been in, it took her to get me out of it. And I brought this one to momma too, becasue I didn't know what to do. Mother told me to come right over and we would start makin' calls. I got over there as quickly as I could, and that didn't take very long.

**\*\*Face foward\*\*** Halle - three days later on August 31, Robert Hodges was fishing in the Tallahatchie River, when he saw two feet sticking out of the water. It was Emmett Till, but he was unrecognizable. Confirmation it was Emmett came when his Uncle Mose Wright identified Emmett's ring on his finger. **\*\*TURN AROUND\*\***

**\*\*Face Foward\*\***

Dan - Within a day of the kidnapping, J.W. Milam and Roy Bryant were already two main

suspects in the Emmett Till abduction. When Emmett Till's body was found, Bryant and Milam were charged with kidnapping and murder. On September 19, 1955, the Emmett Till murder trial began. Mose Wright was asked to identify Emmett's abductors and he --

Ali- **\*\*Raise pointed finger\*\*** "Their he!"

**\*\*TURN AROUD\*\*** (Dan and Ali)

**\*\*Face Foward\*\*** Allie - The public's opinion on Emmett Till's death varied  
**\*Allie turns around\***

### **TURN AROUND AS YOU SAY YOUR LINE**

Ali - "...kill them rats, or were are blowing up your whole stinking town"

Allie- So poor and innocent

Halle - That Emmett deserved it, don't he know between right and wrong.

Dan - Justice needs to be found for this boy!

**\*\*STEP FORWARD group stays in freeze\*\***

Allie - The jury consisted of 12 white men, who were said to not be biased. After hearing testimonies for both sides of the case, the jury was sent out to begin deliberations. The jury returned only 68 minutes later to release the verdict.

**\*\*We all say\*\* NOT GUILTY \*\*Everyone Step Forward but Allie, She is already forward\*\***

Ali - The jury's verdict sparked protests, angry editorials, and a turning point in the Civil Rights movement itself. Within four years after the Emmett Till murder trial, 21% of the African-American population left Tallahatchie County.

Halle - Four months after the trial, Look magazine paid Roy Bryant and J.W. Milam 4,000 dollars for their confession of the murder. People around the world raged with anger.

Dan - Emmett Till's murder inspired people to rise up and fight for Civil Rights.

Allie - Rosa Parks envisioned Emmett Till's broken body as her role model for refusing to give up her seat to a white bus rider sparking the 1955 Montgomery bus boycott

Ali - 1963; Civil Rights March in Washington D.C.

Halle - 1960s; Martin Luther King took on the role of leader of The Civil Rights Movement

Dan- 1964; Civil Rights Act signed into law by President Lyndon Johnson



Dan- 2008; Election of the first African American president of the United States

All- For the equality of all races in America.

**\*\*All Step forward after next 4 lines\*\***

Allie- At the cost of one little boy's life.

This song is just a reminder to remind your fellow man  
That this kind of thing still lives today in that ghost-robed Ku Klux Klan.  
But if all of us folks that think alike, if we gave all we could give,  
We could make this great land of ours a greater place to live.

# I AM Kirk Kreiter

I AM the searcher who can never seem to find.

I WONDER: "Why do I exist?"

I HEAR the whispers of time and the staccato snaps of events unfurling like a flag.  
I SEE the auras of people and places, a spectrum from good to bad, moral to immoral.

I WANT to find the truth, the nugget of gold in the cave of wisdom.

I AM the searcher who can never seem to find.

I PRETEND that the truth is visible, and not hiding from all attempts to discover it.

I FEEL as if the answer hides, mocking me.

I TOUCH the tendrils of fading truth, coveting them like a thirsty man does water.

I WORRY that the answer will never be learned, a lifetime of searching forfeited.

I CRY to think of the times the truth has evaded by attempts to discover it, and almost lost  
me in darkness.

I AM the searcher who can never seem to find.

I UNDERSTAND the disappointment others feel when the answer to their personal question  
evades them.

I SAY: "I'll help you talk through how you feel...I've been there."

I DREAM that the truth is within my grasp, that my goal will be completed.

I TRY to pull others through their quests while striving to finish mine.

I HOPE that the answer is worth the effort I put into achieving it.

I AM the searcher who can never seem to find.



*The Eagle and the Man*  
*Laura Maylum*

*He is proud. Always has been.*  
*Soaring above his brethren*  
*He commands all attention,*  
*Yet gives others none.*

*Sharp eyes paralyze frightened*  
*Prey as he descends,*  
*Talons curving cruelly into*  
*Vulnerable flesh.*

*Then he is away,*  
*Warm currents raising a*  
*Graceful body from the*  
*Chaos below.*

*The Brothers watched him*  
*enviously while he settles*  
*On a sunbaked perch.*  
*Success always smelled so sweet.*

*He is proud. Always has been.*  
*Hot wind caresses and*  
*Rustles a tired form,*  
*Wings fatigued from the day's fight.*  
*White head craning to*  
*Observe still surroundings, he*  
*Does not rest. He*  
*Will not rest.*

*The Eagle's job would*  
*Never be over, the*  
*Weight of the hunt*  
*Could not cease.*

*Rising easily from his*  
*Crouch, the Man launched*  
*From his perch, blades*  
*Ready for the next fight.*

*Standing Destroyed*

The flames blaze

The structure is destroyed

But wait-

Two walls still stand

To walls that the world sees

Torn and tattered just a little

A bit rough but intact standing tall

The roof gone

Caved in, destroyed

The inside burned

A black hole, broken

Nothing is left.

But from those two towering walls

Near perfection is the only thing visible

No hurt, no pain, no black hole

The fire still blazing,

Consuming the inside

But two walls they hide it all

Nicole Reed



"The End" by Maggie Kirby

The sun set,  
like a cloak of darkness,  
over the decaying restaurant.  
It once stood  
tall and proud in the morning sun,  
but now it sags and it rots.  
It has been abandoned and neglected,  
doomed even, to never be lively again.

It withers away  
next to the Great River.  
While we live and grow,  
it merely watches.  
It waits for life  
to once again be brought to it.

for fifty years  
the sun had continued to shine over that building.  
It had laughed with us,  
cried with us,  
And we thought this would last forever.  
But like all good things, this too came to an end.  
Like a parent unable to take care of a child,  
we had to abandon the eatery.

I walked past that old building,  
that housed my childhood memories.  
It was still falling apart,  
and like a dissected frog, the building's insides were bare.

When I walked away  
I did not look back,  
because even though  
the sun set on  
the decaying building,  
it would always be bright  
in my mind.

The story of a ghost.

He comes and goes freely.

Every day he makes his presence known.

Shortly after, he disappears.

To the other world,

Or to another family

Relieving us of our fright.

Yearly we bless the house

Only to find he is not affected.

Frankly, he does not bring friends or turn violent.

A lot of the time he just spooks us.

Guys are usually targeted more often.

He thinks this is all a game.

Only scaring people.

"Soon" he said "he will be gone."

This is the story of a ghost.

-Tate Marquette

Poem by Trent Dailey

Graveyard Path

walking on this pebbled path,  
feeling cold from his harsh breeze;  
as though it's coming at him

cold from this Winter season,  
or is it from the carcasses near him?  
from all the darkness comes a light  
at the end of the path.

colder and colder, further down the path,  
As though a corpse is crawling behind his back.  
with the whistling of the breeze;  
all he wanted to do is scream.

He finally came to the light  
to find out that it's the coldest place of all.  
seeing the person he fought  
in this lighted grave spot.  
It was his friend.

~Chris Yoke

Lying all along

Our motto was to be strong  
Venerated; you've done better  
Enigma replaces all emotion

Beauty fades like flowers  
Everybody still seeks it.  
Agony for a moment of gain.  
Ultimate sacrifice made.  
The things you've lost  
You don't care





Emma Hubner



City of 1,000

I stand lonely on the bust city block

The street is devoid of customers,

No one wants to buy a newspaper.

I wait for someone to come by and make a purchase,

Any paper will do.

Anything but the pop culture magazines that are sold so rampantly;

Their words spread around town like a fast-moving disease.

And so I wait,

All my knowledge remains unheard, unused.

Until I see her, walking towards me,

Looking interested.

Will she buy?

Will she read?

She looks around at all I have to offer,

Her eyes linger on the newsprint I have laid out so neatly.

I hold my breath,

Full of nervous excitement;

I am ready to tell her all I know about the world

She picks up a paper, scans over headlines

I attempt to spark her interest by giving her bits of information,

To no avail.

She picks up a tabloid,

Pays and walks away

Primed to share someone's secrets with the world

Nikki Schwarz

I am

Melanie Dierickx

I am gracious and persistent.

I wonder if everything really does happen for a reason.

I hear raindrops collide with the window,

I see many with no self-respect.

I am gracious and persistent

I pretend that I am content with where I am,

I feel that I have more potential than I realize.

I touch the future and know where I am supposed to go.

I worry that everything will be taken away from me.

I cry when I see people I care about cry.

I am gracious and persistent.

I understand that everyone has their own flaws.

I say to treat others the way you want to be treated.

I dream that I will grow up to be an amazing person.

I try not to take life so seriously.

I hope that I will succeed in life.

I am gracious and persistent.

“Weird” people, have the best personalities

- Kelly Knapper

I am

81

Gina Percuoco

I am determined and vocal.

I wonder whether the universe really is infinite.

I hear songs playing in my head at all times.

I see myself as a hard worker.

I want to obtain a remarkable career and have a wonderful family.

I am determined and vocal.

I pretend to be a famous singer.

I feel empty from time to time.

I touch people's lives.

I worry I will not be remembered.

I cry when I read depressing books.

I am determined and vocal.

I understand life will not hand me what I want on a silver platter.

I say there is a heaven and there is a hell.

I dream that I will have trustworthy relationships with my children and husband.

I try to be the best I can be.

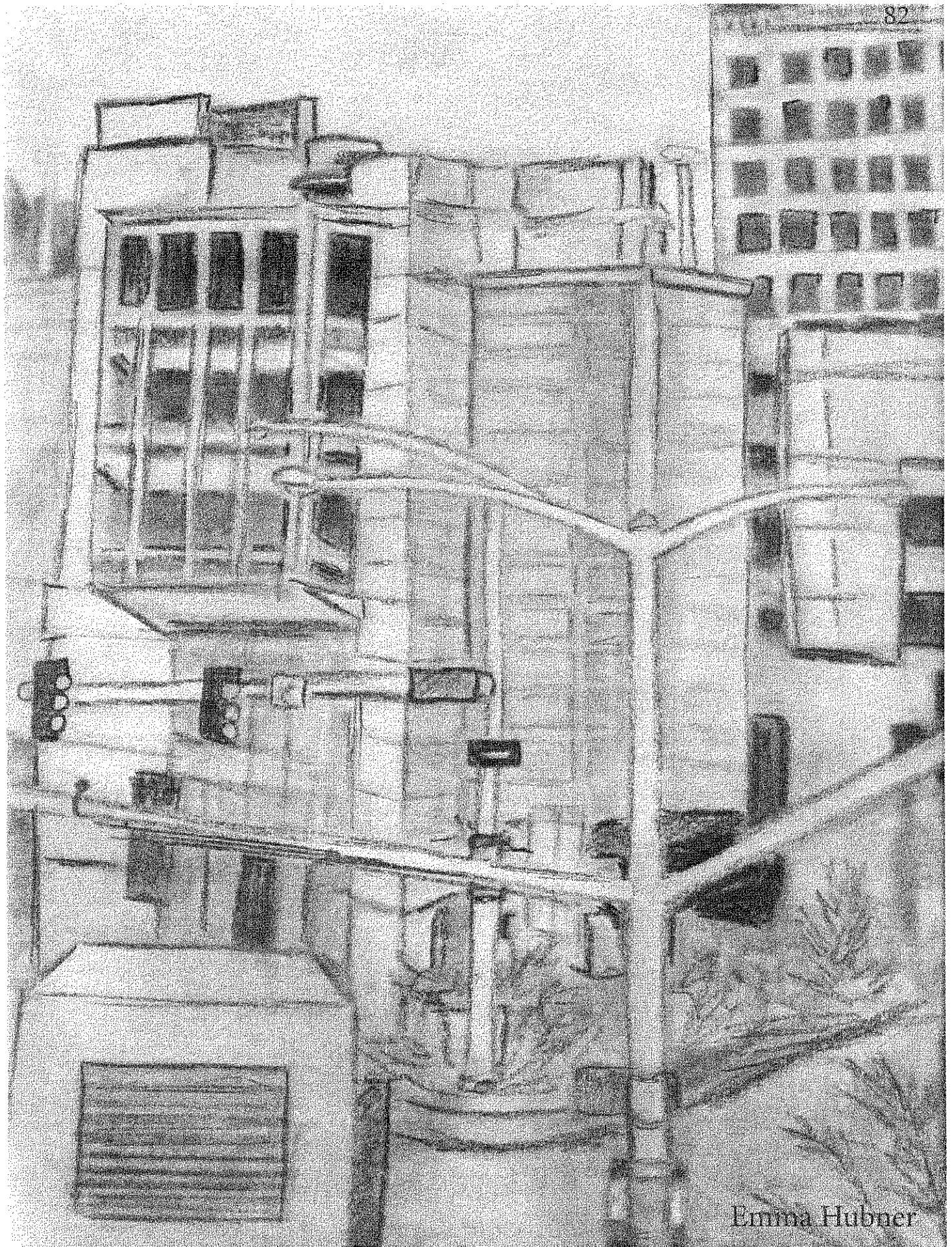
I hope for a successful life.

I am determined and vocal.

Lose some, Learn from, Win some.

- Dalton Ploof





Emma Hubner

*I Am*

*I am stubborn and determined*

*I wonder what my purpose is, but, really, who the hell knows*

*I hear scary monsters and nice spirits*

*I see nothing but a blinding grayness in front of me*

*I want to be accepted and understood for the way I am*

*I am stubborn and determined*

*I pretend everything's okay, that nothing's wrong, but inside I'm falling apart*

*I feel like I'm being pulled in a million different directions*

*I touch my goals, just as they're pulled further away*

*I worry if I'm good enough, or if I'll ever be*

*I cry when people say I can't and they're right*

*I am stubborn and determined*

*I understand that God is my savior and he's the most important thing in my life*

*I say you'll only get out what you first put in*

*I dream of being a fashion designer and dancer*

*I try to be myself in a world pushing me to be something I'm not*

*I hope to be all that I can be and live up to my fullest potential*

*I am stubborn and determined*

*-Grace Leslie*

Feels Like Paradise  
By Amanda Amhof

The rushing waters laugh and whisper,  
To one another as they flow over the golden shore  
For they know all.

As the sapphire waves gently nudge the shore  
Once golden sands turn to bronze as the  
Rippling, rushing, rolling crests divulge their  
Secrets.

The tired sun has hidden behind the cotton colored clouds  
Painting the heavens lustrous streaks of coral blended with  
Pale-blue swirls and ivory highlights reflected on the sapphire waters'  
Surface.

While the waves whisper, the sky gazes at the deep blue tides,  
seeing everything that happens  
For the sky watches over all.

Sea foam white and fragile bubbles onto the newly  
Bronzed sand, halting on the sands for a second  
Until the brisk evening tide pulls them  
Back.

A cold breeze pushes the salty fragrance along the  
Shoreline, stroking everything along the way  
For the wind touches all.

A place of peace and solitude always on one's mind  
Where the waves laugh and the sky sees  
Surely you will come with Me to  
Paradise



## As the Sun Sets Amanda Amhof

Overlooking the swirling of the sapphire sea

Like driftwood drifting

alone

through the waves.

A porcelain girl watches the light

fade

as the sun sets over the crushing swells.

Somewhere in-between, where the dark

meets

the light,

she had made enemies

with the creatures that chased her.

As she watches the waves crest, a flash of brilliant light reaches her face

disappears

in an instant.

A flood of hope washed over her as the waves

hit

the shore.

Until the ominous entities finally

squirmed

from the sea.

They are like her shadow, appearing in her sight only when she

forgets

about them.

Please, cease wretched demons! She cries as her hope disappears as quick as the brilliant light had come and gone.

She only trusts the sea to hold the diamonds as they

fall.

Her diamonds both clear and

pure

hold the secrets of her troubled past and the future she will never know.

As the last diamond drops to the ocean floor, the girl welcomes in the

dark.

Her loss of hope has

finally

made her easy prey.

Isolated on the seashore, she

finally

allows the demons to overwhelm her.

The sunset gives the demons

strength,

whereas radiant sunrise sends them into

hiding.

As the sea pulls her in and carries her away, the world becomes

silent.

For the sunrise will have come too late.



## Tragedy in Color

Nikki Schwarz

**Black** is the color of her fitted little dress,  
Folding and ruching along with her fluid movements  
As you dance the night away.

**Pink** is the color of her lips – and face,  
As you kiss her for the first time.  
You hold her close, like you did as a child,  
Hugging your favorite stuffed toy.

**Green** is the color of leaves,  
The leaves of the tall oak trees you propose to her under.  
Down on one knee velvet ring box in hand.

**White** is the color of her wedding dress, beautiful and flowing.  
She looks radiant coming down the aisle,  
Smiling like the princess her father always wanted her to be.

**Blue** is the color of new baby clothes, bought a bit too early.  
Excitement fills the air like electricity,  
As a new life grows and develops with the passing of time.

**Yellow** is the color of the pale hospital sheets she lays in.  
You take her soft, warm hand as the both of you cry,  
Weeping softly for the loss of an unborn child.

**Purple** is the darkened color of her face,  
After you find her at home with another man.  
Your hands touch her in ways you never thought you would.  
Violence, you can already tell, is not the answer.

**Orange** is the color of the flickering candlelight at the restaurant you've taken her to.  
You make pleasant conversation at the table,  
Both of you concealing any worries or feelings you may have.

**Red** is the color of the rash on her body,  
Covering her almost entirely.  
She's been ill in bed for days,  
Hardly uttering a word.

**Black** is the color of her loose and unfitted dress,  
As she lay cold in an ornate coffin.  
Her **white** face was till as you cried,  
Eyes **red** and face **pink**.  
You place **blue** and **yellow** flowers in her hands carefully,  
Hesitant to touch her.  
The sky is **purple** and grey with a coming storm,  
But you do not hide from the rain.  
You look up to the sky, framed by a canopy of **green** leaves,  
Like the oak trees you proposed to her under.



"The Marker" By: Laura Maylum

I am a beacon for monsters.  
I call to their grotesque forms  
With my red glow. 'Come to  
Me' I beckon with my hypnotic  
Voice. 'Come my Children.'

My glossy, black exterior curves high  
Into unnatural skie, swirling with blues,  
reds, and purples. Though they do  
Not scare me, for I am  
The Maker of Terror.

A Man helped make me this  
Monstrosity, and in return I helped  
Destroy him. My purpose was clear;  
IU was a machine, cranking out  
My children as a New Plague.

I loathed that lunatics worshipped me.  
I was no entity from Above,  
Because the Man was no Divinity.  
They distorted my image to fit  
Their odd beliefs.

I did not care, they would  
Not be saved from my intentions  
Because they thought themselves special. I  
Could not be controlled, which was  
How I liked myself.

My massive form towered above the weak and overshadowed the finicky. With  
My Children, I dominated such pests.  
I was a beacon for Monsters,  
And none were safe.

HELL  
Mitch Miller

Drowning will not exclude  
You from hell. you  
Took you life on  
This long storm. nobody  
Vanished from you, the  
Heaven are, your home  
Is hell. Answer your  
Screams nobody will hear.  
Your wounds won't close.

**No life I have.**

Pain is nothing compared  
To this hell. darkness,  
Consumes your heart. the  
Only thing you didn't  
Have is love. this  
Heart of yours is  
Mine. with your blood  
I fill the void.  
Rise again, you will  
Not, into new body.

**I fear the firestorm.**

Your soul resides in  
Hell. wanting you to  
Think about death. thy  
Death has made that  
Necromage come. darkness dwells  
From our world. rise  
Up, kill others, dead  
Man. deathless doom you  
Are sure to have.

**Did I always hate?**



Slender  
Laura Maylum

My boy begged "Tell me a story" with those curious eyes and  
I settled him upon my knee, thinking on a tale to tell.  
That hour had been similar to this,  
For it was just as the sun had set, and  
They lost themselves among the dense wood,

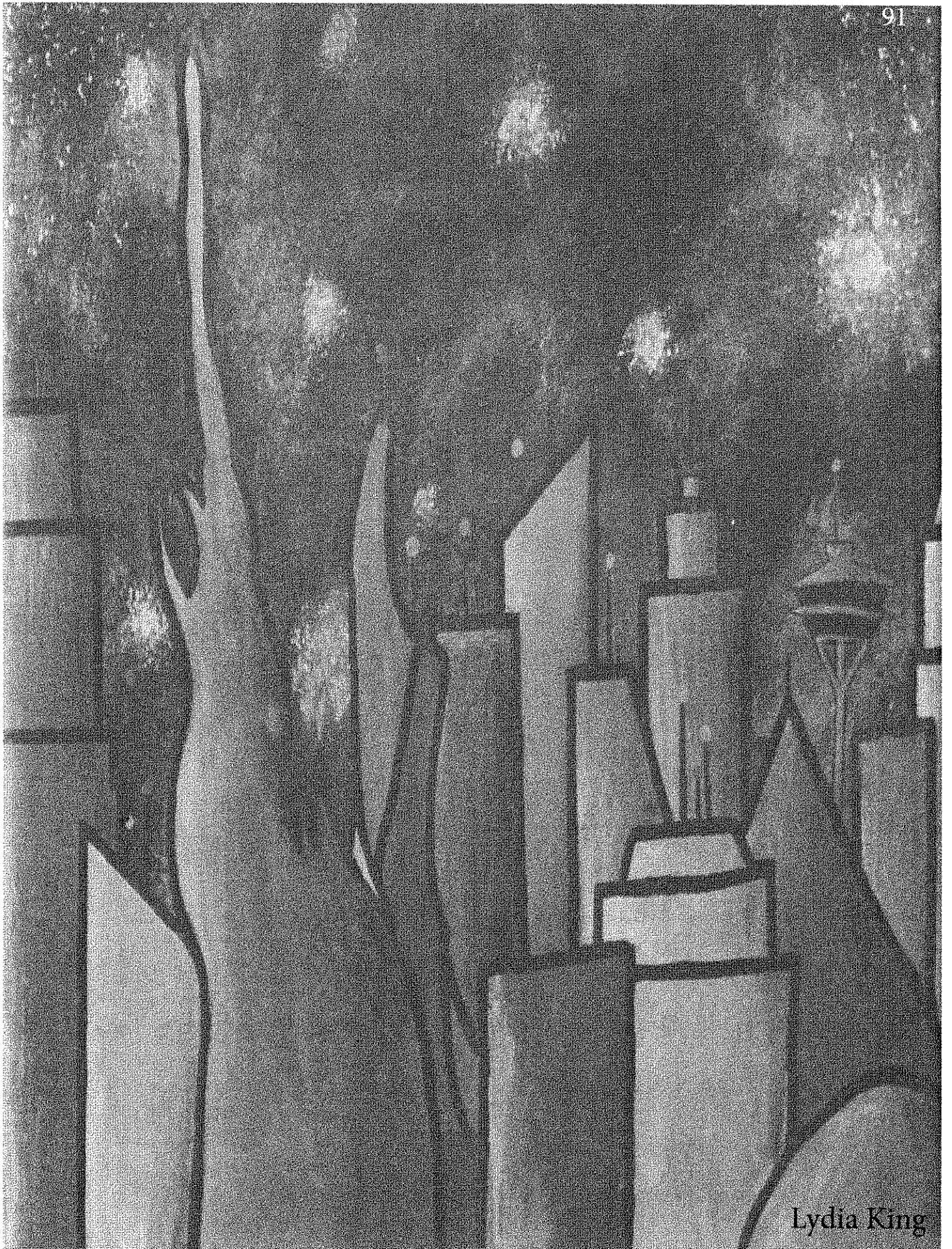
The dense, dark undergrowth ensnared all creatures. There was no salvation,  
For rot was in the river and the earth.  
Sweeping relentlessly toward the petrified lovers, the darkening scenery  
Pushed their bodies against the rough bark with wicked intent.  
There he stood, the faceless one.

They were frozen as he ghosted closer, his movements predatory. Murderous.  
In was frozen too late, the tall terror was upon them, death trailing behind like a cape.  
The wind halted its whistling branches, while darkness held its breath.  
The slenderman crooned their unspoken nightmare.

They felt the shadow of a grin on his featureless face, the despair consuming them.  
Merciful and understanding he was not; their begs for life seeking deaf ears.  
The slenderman had once suffered death, only his sympathies had passed.  
Bone white manacles grabbed them in a vice grip, and he suddenlu  
Turned away, their fate in his marble hands.

It seemed like I was never there at all.  
But, should I tell him on this night?  
Taking a breath I uttered,  
"I shall tell you, my son, of the slenderman."





Lydia King

By Abigail Morrow

---

cardiac – from the Greek καρδιά, kardia, meaning related to the heart.  
atrophy – to waste away, typically from lack of use or cellular degeneration.

---

“Atrophy of the heart,”  
says the doctor,  
official diagnosis:  
cell apoptosis,  
cardiac atrophy.  
Dusty from misuse,  
It is my Dakota plains,  
To your Colorado Rockies:  
Flat.

---

There are stories of mountain men in the Himalayas who can stop their hearts from beating for a few seconds at a time—for the heart is a muscle, and like any other muscle, it can be overcome with the sheer force of willpower. Nepali monks, it would seem, exercise such great control over their hearts that they may choose to stop them on a whim, as if giving up the right to a beating heart were as voluntary as vows of silence or piety.

---

*The heart  
has four chambers  
two are the atriums  
and two are the  
ventricles  
with  
a*

*hope for the blood to pass through veins and arteries, like sand through an hourglass,  
time bleeding away to the bottom, each delicate th-thump  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a second of life.*

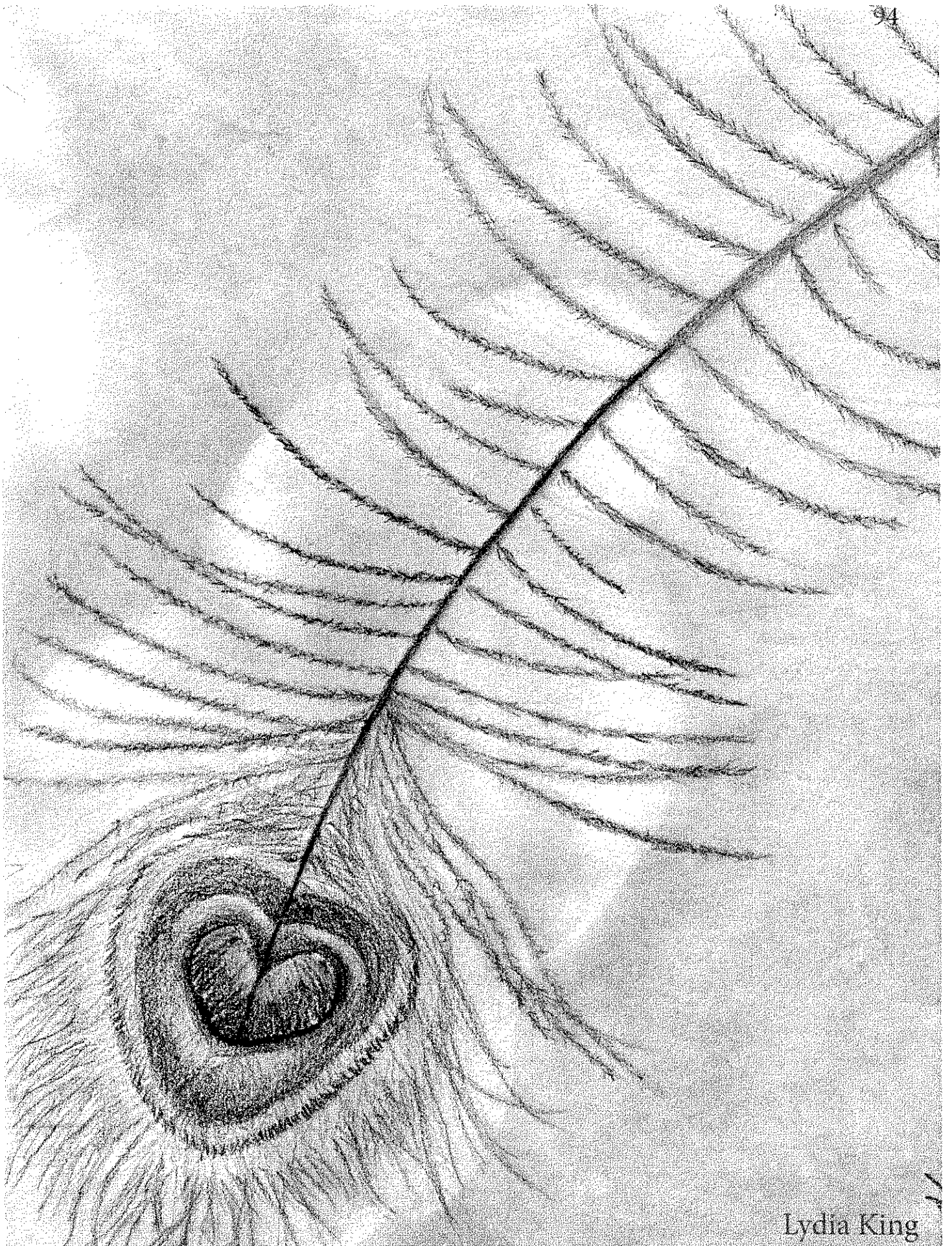
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1 year = 525,600 minutes = 31,536,000 seconds = 42,048,000 heartbeats



As  
if the To  
dreams the  
of a many craggy  
watered race shores  
depend only on of clarity,  
the floating forms beyond the  
of its two daughters, misty banks  
children of a Dead Sea, on which they  
fallen like skimmed rocks, now rest, safely  
or angels learning to fly too cresting the wave  
soon—souls, not quite water- of adolescence for  
tight—the  
but time  
wishes keeping them afloat, they have left is short before the  
wishes, buoying them along, winds of Galilee dare sweep  
across the hazy lake of their sailboat of dreams  
childhood. to lands of reality.





Lydia King

Al Capone fully grown living life never alone.

The quad cities home away from home,

What this could have been our small town

Fully grown with the likes of Chicago and the Big apple.

What would this be called?

The real home of Al Capone?

Who knows what would have changed.

Would this be a farm town a crime town or

Just Bucktown.

# *Living life to the Fullest*

96

Life is foolproof most think,  
Can't be tampered with nor jinxed.  
Although so many life altering choices need to be made  
Along the courses crusade.

So many ways to change your fate  
Hopefully for better and not too late.  
With life changing offers around every corner  
Tempting the everyday goer.

Living the longest may be a goal  
But years mean nothing without stories.  
Regrets will be had  
If you don't live life to the fullest.

-Eric Krogman





Lydia King

Getting dolled up, makeup and hair,  
Anxious to see what they are selecting for me to wear.  
Curls, fake eyelashes, spray tan, and glitter,  
I hope the judges like me, and are not bitter.  
Rhinestones, ruffles, jewelry, shimmer,  
I take my place on the stage, the lights become dimmer.

Getting dolled up, makeup and hair,  
Wishing my criticism is with love and care.  
I stride down the stage, one step in front,  
Trophy standing feet away from me, I'm on the hunt.  
Smile big, poised posture, glowing eyes,  
As I leave the stage, the crowd dies.

Getting dolled up, makeup and hair,  
As I lie in bed, I gaze upwards, and stare.  
Hands pressed together, eyes closed, whispering to myself,  
Thanking the Big Man for my fortune, fame, and wealth.  
Footsteps, wood creaking, in a moments time I hear,  
A person whisper, grabs me, and I disappear.

Reality of Dreams  
Gretchen Wilkerson

She destroys the glow of love in her smile  
She rises to her dreams as reality when it is not  
She fantasizes constantly of her childhood kingdom  
A place of thinking, swimming, and dreaming  
She soared to the lost Atlantis coral reefs  
To her love harmonized the saints, angels and mermaids  
She thinks that it is the perfect fantasy  
I wish that is my hallucination  
It is endless while others are asleep or are awake  
Sometimes I feel like she will never cease from daydreaming  
Create a crown and steal the bright lights  
Or if the lights should rise from a glowing fire  
I wanted for delusion of her dreaming head to go back to reality  
It is not insightful to waste her life  
She is drained of mindless society  
So in reality she hides from the heart that breaks us  
She is courageous, but she is damaged  
May she climb and invade in such heavy protection  
Only in her new illusion land  
Here is no place that is her dream from which she cannot escape



Outburst: Emotionally Unemotional  
Nicole Reed

100

She's never been an emotional girl  
Didn't shed a tear at her grandmother's funeral  
Kept a steady voice through her great grandma's  
Never cried at a book  
Didn't tear up at movies  
She wasn't heartless thought,  
Just unemotional

Until that door clicked closed,  
The lock secure  
Then the rears poured out like a waterfall  
Anger, hurt, confusion,  
Sadness, pain, and fear  
All welled up at once  
Exploding like a volcano  
Leaving her exhausted  
But unwilling to sleep  
Sleep wouldn't settle anything  
Sleep wouldn't make the emotions disappear  
Sleep wouldn't give her the peace she desired  
But what does an unemotional girl do with an emotional outburst in the middle of the night?

Madman With a Box  
Bethany Cronise

Her thief; he came and stole her  
He wanted to see the universe  
He is an old, broken-down man  
With a smile that hides his pain  
They go through many faces together  
While moving hastily through time and space  
Traveling with his every-changing companions  
Who are curious, yet amazed, even when scared  
He loves them, even after they're gone  
Because he found everything he lost in them

When he feels he has no real purpose  
Alone, he silently weeps  
For those he met along the way  
They are gone quicker than he thinks  
Though their paths still cross periodically  
In the place they first met

Him

by Emily Ramsey

Though my heart has been torn and bled He makes me smile,  
whenever I'm sad He comforts me,  
if there is no one else there is always Him,  
with His arms around me.

He holds on to me securely and tightly,  
surrounded by light,  
the light I see is radiating from Him,  
radiating all across the world,  
He is everything to me.

In life and death ,  
He is alive in me,  
He knows me by name,  
I am His daughter.

I await to be in His kingdom,  
with no more sadness,  
just glorious love.



## Misleading Melodies

By Amanda Amhof

So beautiful, gentle.  
They never judge,  
As her hands flow gracefully.  
Knowing where to move  
Along the eighty-eight  
Never pausing  
Never breaking  
Always moving  
Always playing  
Such sweet soothing symphonies.

The melodies float through the air  
Lingering like waves washing over the sandy shore  
Peaceful but deceptive  
For they never convey what she feels inside  
She hides  
Behind the eighty-eight  
Always hurting  
Always praying  
Never letting it out  
Never letting them in  
Such sweet deceptive melodies  
Being played on those black and white ivory keys.

Have you ever Envied the Ocean?

Adam Hintz

Have you ever Envied the Ocean?

Open and wide, Tide and true.

Have you ever wanted to Clutch the Sky?

Depth unimaginable, Dark and mysterious, an Ikin' Black Dye.

Have you ever wanted to be Lost in a forest?

Letting the tangle Grip you, nature's Purest.

Have you ever Awed the greatest Peaks?

Daunting, Taunting with their Might, Frightening the meek.

Have you ever wanted the Heavens at your Feet?

With choruses of Angels singing to Your Own Beat.

The impossible can come True, this I Assure you.

Take my hand, and Come with me, your Wildest Dreams will come true.

With the ocean, Forever Wide,

I place in Your hand, You'll become its Guide.

With the Sky, Always out of Reach,

It'll drop below You, its Mysteries you'll be able to Teach.

The forest's Mighty growth, Power in the Rawest,

Will become Yours, Completely improving the Flawless.

The majestic Peaks, with Towers so Tall,

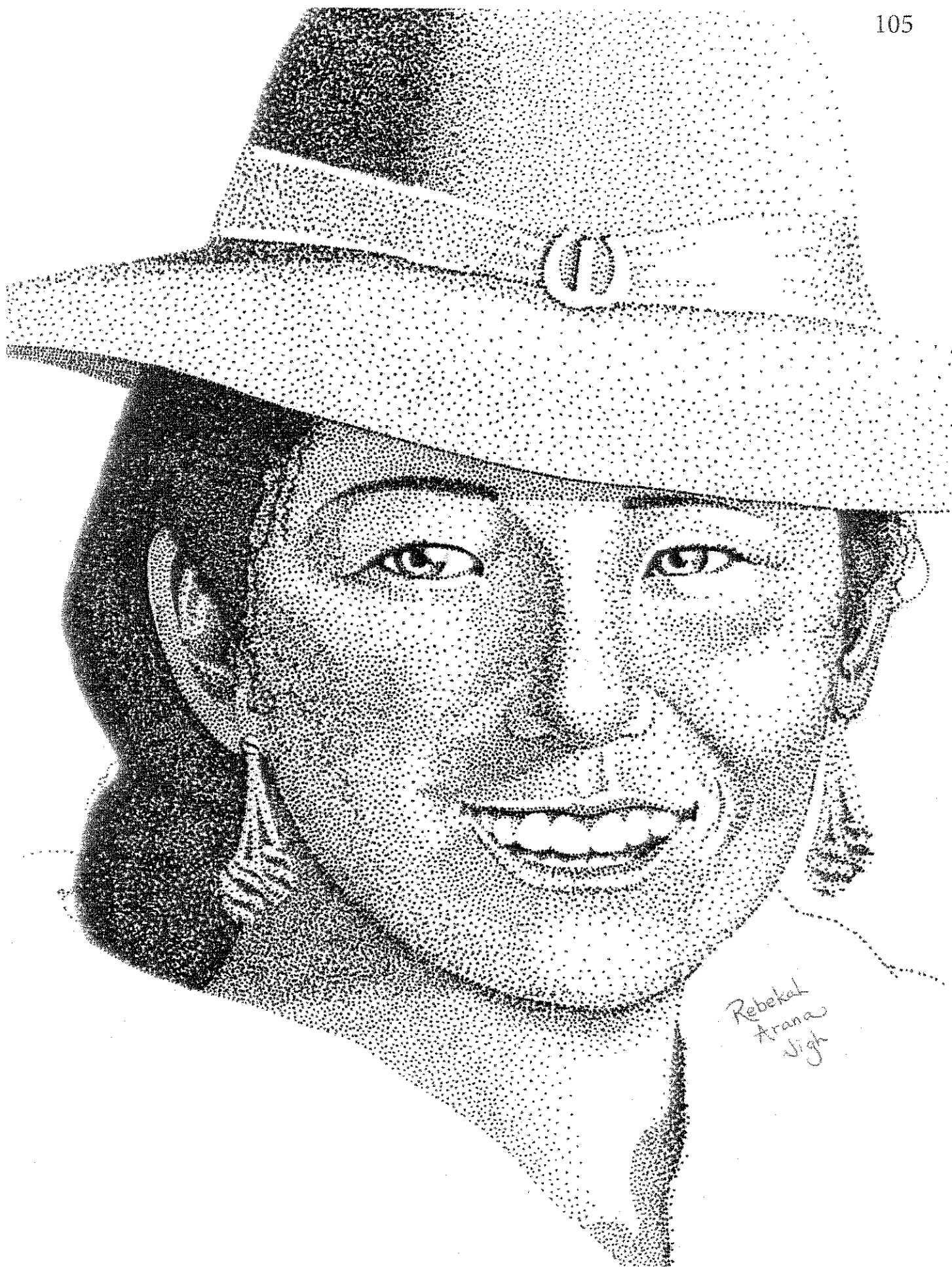
With my Help, no trouble will come to make them fall.

The Heavens above, burning with Holy Light,

You'll become the Torch, Forever Burning Bright.

This I ask of You, my Dearest Please,

Join me, Eternities at Ease.



Rebekah  
Arana  
Jigh





Infatuation  
By Katie Witter

The emotions on my sleeve--they contrast with the logic going on in your brilliant mind. It's spoken too often of the fact, "I could listen to your unfinished theories forever." A person that makes me question myself, a person that reassures me of who I am to the deepest extent. A connection neither one can control, a bond beyond ions.

The breath you take from me, once I caught an impression of those mysterious eyes. Time Disseminates. I take a willing free fall into your words, more than I ever should. Either build me up or tear me down like the others. Either way, every time I hear those words come off your silver tongue. That thing cuts into my heart like a serpent. The fallacies you may speak are hoped to be truth by a young girl with a romantic heart.

I trip and fall at the sound of your smooth talk, the way you work your rhythm, your words. I take constant supervision of the walls around me, slowly coming down by each blow you make. You look at me, disheveling the contents of my composure. This, beyond any words in languages we comprehend, all definitions escape me.

Again and again I fall blindly into a perfect match. Who would know? Only two star-crossed lovers destined for tragedy. The butterflies that protrude from my stomach enter my reddened face. What do I make this out to be?

## Sam Morrison

## A Small Party Away From Harm

He gazed upon the shelter  
the deluxe penthouse under Manhattan skies.  
Not the best place on Earth but surely a cover from the crystal rain.  
A cordial place to converge,  
have coffee, play cards, smoke into qualms.  
Resolving fears are easily done here.  
Horace will do his best to keep anonymous.  
We'll throw him off, however  
from the top of that place on a green triangle where the point is missing.  
Open the window for fresh night air,  
dance around the table. while an Italian supper simmers.  
Relax for a while, this night is on glory,  
unseen by He who's earthly right is over.  
There under Manhattan skies.

## Garden Quietness

In idle tick-tock motion,

The older pants want a new chance to sprout

Like all the greenery, they possess

Healthy, sometimes faltering vines

Buds, blossoms, scents, even fruit.

Why can't they be as a farmer's garden with  
"just" plants—living together, not causing harm.

Round about the airs circling the Earth

From San Francisco, winding commune to southern nights

Air also exists, unavoidable, but needed

A necessity, borne of our twinkling garden

Some weeding in the rotten patches is required

O, life: why aren't thou a gracious garden?

Divided in equal rows, blooming in carelessness,

Enhanced only by spectrum butterflies.

Sam Morrison

## Buried in Sand

By: Stephanie Konrady

Flurry upon flurry cascaded down,  
With deceptively calm and graceful poise  
They rained upon the hard cobblestone ground,  
The prelude to the last erupting noise.

The early quakes and tremors of the morn,  
Earth's foreshadowing roar and final plea,  
Of impending red carnage they did warn,  
Offering and urging for all to flee.

Strong earth and calm sky erupted as one,  
As Vesuvius opened its mouth and,  
A fiery molten death had begun,  
Before Great Pompeii was buried in sand.

Panic consumed as the black mountain raged,  
Its victims forever entombed and caged.



## **Carpe Diem**

111

By Abigail Morrow

“Carpe diem”, said my mother,  
And I sought it with both hands,  
But it rapped me with a ruler,  
And it tossed me off the stand.

“Carpe diem”, said my father,  
And so I seized the day,  
I wrung daylight by its neck  
And implored it to stay.

“Carpe diem”, said the teacher,  
“Carpe diem”, said the priest,  
“Carpe diem”, said the people  
Who have always liked me least.

And among all these entreaties,  
These commands and these requests,  
I decided not to seize the day,  
And simply lived the best.

